See here brave Guy *in all his Warlike Pride,*
With a fierce Lion *walking by his Side;*
Which from a monſtrous Dragon *he deliver'd,*
At whoſe fell Rage the Princely Lion *quiver'd.*

Nor was there any Monſtrous Giant, *who*
He did not both Engage, *and* Conquer *too;*
Giants, Dragon, Boar, *and* Dunſmore-Cow
To Guy's *all-conquering Arms were forced to bow.*

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The Noble and Renowned

HISTORY

OF

GUY, Earl of WARWICK:

CONTAINING

A Full and True ACCOUNT of his many Famous and Valiant Actions; Remarkable and Brave Exploits; and Noble and Renowned Victories.

Alſo his COURTSHIP to Fair *Phœlice*, Earl *Roband's* Daughter and Heireſs; and the many Difficulties and Hazards he went through, to obtain her Love.

Extracted from Authentick Records; and the Whole Illuſtrated with CUTS *ſuitable to the* HISTORY.

The TENTH EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for *Stanley Crowder*, at the *Looking Glaſs*, on *London Bridge*. 1759.

X C. 109. L. 26.

TO HIS

Honoured and Worthy FRIEND,

Mr. *Zachariah Heyward*,

Citizen of *LONDON*.

Honoured Sir,

TWO Things emboldened me to make this Dedication to you; the One was the Remembrance of the many Favours I have formerly received from you, which are ſo deeply engraven in my Breaſt, that as I never can forget them, without incurring the black Brand of Ingratitude, ſo I would fain tranſmit the Memory of them to Poſterity, and make your worthy Name as laſting as that of the Great *Guy*, Earl of *Warwick*. Though I muſt acknowlege yourſelf have taken a better Way to tranſmit your Name, even to the End of Time, by hoſe many living Images of yourſelf, which you will leave behind you, of which the

principal is Mr. *Hyde Hayward*, a very hopeful young Gentleman, and worthy to be the Son of ſuch a Father.

The ſecond Reaſon that moved me to this Dedication, was, The Love which I am ſure you have for your Native Country, and the Honour you bear to the Memory of thoſe Heroes who have ſignaliz'd themſelves on the Behalf hereof in former Ages; of which our Noble *Guy* was none of the meaneſt: For had he not been One of the Chief *Worthies* of the Age he lived in, King *Athelſtan*, in whoſe Reign he flouriſhed, would never have ventured the whole Realm of *England* upon his Combat with a *Dane*; which he both undertook and performed, to the eternal Honour of the *Engliſh* Nation.

Thus, having given you the Reaſon of my Preſumption in this Dedication, and hoping you will accept it accordingly, I will add no more: But, That yourſelf and your virtuous Lady may live many Years to enjoy thoſe Bleſſings which Heaven has ſo bountifully beſtowed upon you, is the ſincere Prayer and hearty Deſire of,

Your obliged,
Humble Servant,
G. L.

A

POEM

In Praiſe of the following

HISTORY.

YOU that in Warlike Stories take delight,
Come ſee the Noble Deeds of Warwick's *Knight:*
Whoſe Worth within this Hiſtory *is placed,*
Like Diamonds, when they're in Gold inchas'd.
Here you his Armour, bruis'd with Blows may view,
His broken Launce, and his great Falchion too:
His valiant Combats with his Foes in Field,
His Sword all bloody, and his batter'd Shield.
How lovely in this Dreſs he does appear,
Freeing diſtreſſed Ladies from their Fear!
His greateſt Foes he always made retire,
And thoſe that ſaw him could not but admire:
His Courage made the haughty Colbron *yield,*
And all the Daniſh *Army fly the Field:*
Nor only againſt Men did he prevail,
For he wou'd the moſt ſavage Beaſts aſſail:
Witneſs the monſtrous Cow on Dunſmore-Heath,
Within whoſe Bowels he his Sword did ſheathe:
Witneſs that Dragon, whoſe envenom'd Breath
Had almoſt like t'have been a Lion's Death;
Yet this fell Beaſt, tho' pointed round with Flame,
To Guy's *bright Sword a Victim ſoon became.*

And

A POEM in Praiſe of this HISTORY.

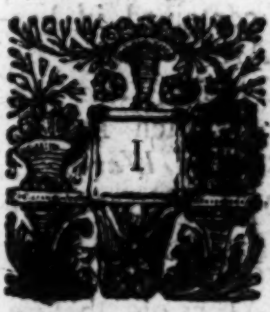
And witneſs alſo that prodigious Boar,
Which his reſiſtleſs Courage cau'd to roar;
This mighty Monſter being ſtricken dead,
He, as a Trophy, carry'd off his Head.
He in like Manner, ſerv'd a Dragon too,
Which in Northumberland *he alſo ſlew.*
Then, who can be compar'd to noble Guy?
Who with his Blood his Fame did always buy:
He ever was a Stranger unto Fear,
Delighting always in his Sword and Spear.
Here, Reader, *thou his wond'rous Acts may'ſt ſee,*
And without Danger a Spectator be
Of all thoſe Dangers which he oft was in,
And by o'ercoming did his Honour win.
And as thou read'ſt, be this remembred too,
It was an Engliſhman *All this did do.*
And yet our Guy *had not ſo fierce a Breaſt,*
But Love cou'd in his Boſom take its Reſt;
For tho' he'd oft been wounded, yet he found
Fair Phælice *gave to him the deepeſt Wound.*
Upon the Whole, this I dare boldly write,
No Man could better Love, nor better Fight.

THE

THE HISTORY OF GUY, Earl of WARWICK.

CHAP. I

An Account of his Parents, Birth, and youthful Exploits; and how he fell in Love with Earl Roband's *beautiful Daughter, who deſpiſed his Suit.*



I SHALL not trouble the Reader with a long Genealogy of the Deſcent of our Famous *Guy* of *Warwick*; (the Subject of our enſuing Hiſtory) it ſhall therefore ſuffice to tell the Reader, That in the Sixth Year of the Reign of King *Edgar* the Great, this our Famous *Guy* was born in the City of *Warwick*. His Father was a Gentleman of *Northumberland*, in which Country he had been (in the Time of the *Mercian* Kings) the Poſſeſſor of a fair Eſtate: But the Arms of King *Edgar* prevailing over

over the King of *Mercia*, as well as the reſt of the *Saxon* Kings that conſtituted the Heptarchy, *Guyraldus Caſſibilanus* (for that was the Name of *Guy*'s Father) being engaged on the Behalf of the King of *Mercia*, whoſe Subject he was, loſt his Eſtate in the Quarrel; and afterwards ſeeking to mend his Fortune in our more Southern Climates, he came to *Warwick*, and was ſo well received of the Gentry there, but eſpecially of Earl *Roband*, who was then the King's Governor both of the Town and Caſtle, that he made him his Steward, in which Place he ſo well acquitted himſelf, that he married the Daughter of an eminent Knight in that Town, and by her he had a Son, who at his very Birth look'd like a Hero, whom his Father named *Guy*, and who in Proceſs of Time became Earl of *Warwick*, whoſe Life and noble Actions are the Subject of our preſent Hiſtory. There were not wanting ſome Preſages of his future Greatneſs even before he was born; particularly, his Mother, during her Pregnancy, dreamed that ſhe ſaw *Mars* deſcend in a bloody Chariot drawn by two fiery Dragons; and telling her, That the Infant contained in her Womb, ſhould ſo excel in Arms, That he ſhould be the Glory of this Nation, and the Terror of the *Pagan* World: Which Dream ſhe diſcovered to the Counteſs of *Warwick*, above a Month before ſhe was delivered of him. And indeed being born, he gave early Proofs of his being an extraordinary Man; for he was ſcarce come to be eight Years old, before he gave the World ſome early Prognoſticks of his great Strength and martial Genius, by beginning to practiſe Running, Wreſtling, throwing Stones, and other Exerciſes, even above what his young Years were capable of; exceeding thoſe

that

that were both older and bigger than himſelf; and for which he was obſerved by all the Spectators. And as he grew more towards Maturity, he delighted in Hardſhips, and ſuch Exerciſes as required both Strength and Labour; ſo that at Sixteen there were but few that durſt encounter with him; for then he would uſe to enter the Liſts, and always came off victorious. Which coming to Earl *Roband*'s Ear, he ſent for him, and entertained him at Dinner with himſelf, and ſeveral of the Gentry of the Country, who were very well pleaſed with his Converſation; after which he played ſeveral Prizes before the Earl, carrying the Day, whatever he played with.

But by being at the Earl's Houſe, he came to have a Sight of fair *Phælice*, his beautiful Daughter, with whom he was ſo extremely taken, that nothing but ſhe could ſatisfy him. She was indeed ſo fair that ſhe could not be ſeen, without being loved. She was ſo fair that *Venus* herſelf could never boaſt more Beauty; and had ſhe but been preſent at the famous Conteſt between *Juno*, *Pallas*, and *Venus*, about the golden Apple, on which was writ, *Let it be given to the Faireſt*, ſhe had certainly borne away the Prize from them all. And ſome have affirmed, that all the Odds between *Venus* and She, was, That *Venus* had a Mole, and ſhe had none: For She had moſt directly *Venus*'s Hair, the ſame high Forehead and attractive Eyes: The Roſes and the Lillies in her Cheeks were mixed with that Equality, that none could ſay which of them had the Aſcendant; her Lips were of a perfect Coral Dye, nor could the Ivory match her Teeth for Whiteneſs. She was indeed from Head to Foot the Mirrour of all Comelineſs, an *Engliſh Phœnix*, the only ſupreme Fair; of whom it was the general

Opinion

Opinion, Beauty could no where but in *Phælice's* Face be found in its Perfection. But these Perfections were so many Daggers, sticking poor *Guy* to the Heart; for he imagined these charming Looks of hers did unto him dart nothing but Disdain; and that which his Eyes looked on with Delight, did nothing else but fill his Heart with Pain. One while her Smiles gave him Encouragement; another Time the Sternness of her Looks tos'd him upon the Billows of Despair. He would often sigh at the Capriciousness of Fortune, that she should deal so very strangly by him, to give a Wound that Beauty would not heal. Then recollecting himself, he'd say, *Fond Man, why will not Beauty heal thy Wound? Thou wrong'st thyself and thy fair Goddess too, for who can know a Woman's Heart by her Looks? And looking on her is all that thou hast done. Well, now I'll take a Course shall be more resolute: I'll speak or let her know my Mind by Writing. But if I should, can I have any Hopes that she should hear my Words, or read my Lines? She is Earl* Roband's *Heir, and born too high to listen to such poor Designs as mine. For tho' I am a Gentleman by Birth, yet I have no Earldoms, nor Lordships neither; and Women are exceeding ambitious, and mounting up on the Wings of Pride, do oftner match themselves for worldly Treasure, than for that sacred Love that is far more precious; which makes some rather wish there was no Gold, than Love should be so easily sold for it. And if my* Phœlice *should be such a One, what will my Words, or Tears, or Sighs prevail? I only strive against the Wind and Tide, and heap continual Torments on my Soul. Why should I then attempt with waxen Wings to fly where* Phœbus's *Chariot burns so brightly? But hold,* said he again, *thou timorous Lover, and banish Fear, or let thy*

Passion

Paſſion go: Be reſolute, and thou ſhalt have Succeſs; for Phælice, *doubtleſs has a tender Heart; and he that ſhoots Love's Darts, may well befriend thee, becauſe thy Love is ſo like his Mother's Picture I am reſolved to go to* Phælice's *Bower, and from as true a Heart as Fleſh can yield, intreat her in a happy Hour to hear me, and with kind Pity to remove my Sorrows; to look upon me with a tender Breaſt, ſince as her Love is inclined, I hold my Life.*

This ſaid he unto *Warwick* Caſtle goes, where the rich Jewel of his Heart remained Earl *Roband* bids him welcome, and prepares to entertain him with a Match at Hunting, but he to that lends an unwilling Ear, and to prevent it, pretends ſudden Sickneſs. The Earl was grieved at this Alteration, and ſent his own Phyſician to him, who told him, that the only Remedy conſiſted in his being preſently let Blood, and that his Body under that Diſtemper was very difficult and hard to cure.

To which *Guy* thus replied, *Doctor, I do applaud your Judgment, and know full well that what you ſay is true. I find myſelf exceeding ill: But there's a Flower, which, if I might but touch, would heal me better far than all the Skill of* Galen *and* Hippocrates *to boot: 'Tis cal'ed by a pretty pleaſing Name, I think* Phælix *ſoundeth ſomething like it.*

I know it not, replied the Doctor to him, *nor is there in the Herbal any Flower that beareth ſuch a Name, as I remember.*

Yes, yes, ſaid *Guy, I'm ſure there's ſuch a Flower, and that it is to be got within this Caſtle; nor doth it grow far off from yonder Tower. But, Doctor, I can find it out myſelf, and therefore will not give you ſo much Trouble.* On which the Doctor left him. Whilſt *Guy*, bemoaning his unhappy State, ſat ſighing by a Window all alone,

at

which Window had a very curious Proſpect into a pleaſant and delightful Garden; in which, as ſuddenly as he caſt his Eye, he ſaw the adored Empreſs of his Thoughts, which did ſo much exhilerate his Soul, that he deſpis'd Phyſicians and their Portions. Fear now was baniſh'd, and Hope reigned as King. *This is a lucky Time,* ſaid *Guy* to himſelf, *which I ſo long have waited for. Now the bright Sun of Fortune ſhines upon me. Now may I end the Grief that Love began, and court my Deſtiny while thus ſhe ſmile. Now I will enter into yonder Shade, to court the only Paragon of Beauty.* Phælice, *I come: Now* Cupid, *now aſſiſt me: Prepare an Arrow ready for thy Bow, and ſend it to the Heart of her I love. And ſince I never went a Wooing, yet be now propitious to me. Give ſuch prevailing Rhetorick to my Tongue, that* Phælice's *Heart may hang upon my Lips. But above all, grant this, O gentle* Cupid, *that when I make moſt ſolemn Proteſtations of my ſincere and ever conſtant Love, ſhe may believe my Words.*

Then down with Speed he goes unto the Garden, where ſoftly knocking, he was ſoon let in by a young Maid that waited upon *Phælice*; who ſeeing him, and thinking he had been ſent thither by her Father, as he was coming towards her, roſe up to meet him; whom *Guy* with Love's enchanting Eye beholding, with a becoming Mien, accoſts her thus: *Faireſt of all the curious Works of Nature, whoſe Equal never breath'd in common Air, more wonderful than any Earth can yield, the bright Idea of Caeleſtial Beauty. Eternal Honour wait upon thy Name. The Suit I have to thee is much like that which once* Leander *came to* Hero *with, thereby to reap more lovely Fruit than ever* Mars *gained from the Queen of Love, when he outwitted* Vulcan. *The Preſent which I bring, is a*

Heart

Heart filled with Love, and Love can only satisfy my Soul. Incline then, Madam, to my humble Motion: Compassionate the Griefs that I endure, and let that Life that rests at your Devotion be regarded. With Pity take my dying Heart in Cure, and let it not expire in groaning Torments, nor burst with Griefs, because too well it loves thee. I know, dear Phælice, *that great Princes love thee, and Deeds of Honour for thy Sake have done. But neither King nor Prince can love thee more, no, nor so much as I, tho' but the Son of thy great Father's Steward; for so inestimable is my Love, that what soever all others shall pretend, can never countervail it.*

Whilst thus poor *Guy* was making Protestations, *Phælice* thus interrupted him:

O gentle Youth, speak not of Love, I pray thee, for that is a Thing I have no Mind to hear of. Virginity with me shall live and die. Love is composed of Play and Idleness, and leadeth only unto vain Delight. Besides it is in thee too great a Boldness, for thou art far inferior to my Degree: And should thy Love be to my Father told, I know would procure thee a Reproof. And therefore learn Instruction from the Proverb, That Princely Eagles scorn to catch at Flies. *Then if thou in thy Suit wouldst have Success, let thy Desires be equal to thy Fortune, and aim not at those Things that are above it. Thou owneſt thyself, Princes have courted me; then why should I that have refused their Courtship, stoop down so low, as to my Father's Steward; nay lower yet, unto his Steward's Son? My Youth and Beauty is but in its Bloom, and I have no mind to throw it away on one that is so much inferior to me.*

And with this Answer she departed from him, leaving poor *Guy* more troubled now than ever; for now grown almost hopeless in his Love, he never does expect its Comforts more.

But all his Time, he does to Sorrow give,
Wishing each Day, the last that he may live.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

How Guy, *after his being deſpiſed by* Phælice, *grew almoſt diſtracted, till ſhe, being admoniſhed by a Viſion, ſhews herſelf more favourable to him.*

LOaded with Grief, poor *Guy* could take no Reſt, diſtracted in his melancholy Mind, refuſing all Things that delightful ſeemed, as harſh, diſtaſteful, and abhorr'd by him. *Phælice* denies him Love, and ſlights his Suit; and then what Comfort can the World afford him? He looks like one, whom Fate had doom'd to Death; and like *Oreſtes*, in his frantick Fits, he tears the golden Treſſes from his Head, or mad *Orlando*, when of Senſe deprived, from whom the Uſe of

Reaſon is departed; ſo fares it with this love tormented Man, whoſe raging Thoughts run into all Diſorder. Society he ſhuns, and keeps alone, accuſing Deſtiny, and curſing Beauty. He is a Friend to none, but hates himſelf beyond the Bounds of Nature and of Love. *Venus*, cries he, how are thy Laws forgot, to puniſh him who never did offend thee! What is the Cauſe that I am thus rejected? Who interrupts my Love to Beauty's Mirrour? I will drag him hence to roaring *Erebus*, there to be plagued with never-ceaſing Tortures. I'll to the Court of *Jove*, where my loud Shouts ſhall, with their Clamour rend the very Skies. Shall I be cozen'd, as *Orpheus* was? Aſſiſt me, *Theſeus*, to revenge this Wrong. Where's *Rhadamanth*, that Juſtice cannot paſs? *Eurydice* even for a Song is ſold: Fiends, Furies, Goblins, Hydra's, for a Fall; I am prepared to manage every one of you. I will mount upon the Back of *Pegaſus*, and in bright *Phœbus*'s Flames I'll wrap myſelf. Then will I tumble windy *Æolus* to ſleep in *Thetis*'s watery cryſtal Lap. From thence I'll poſt unto the Torrid Zone, to find which Way fair *Phælice*'s Love is fled. *Jaſon* had Luck to win the Golden Fleece: I like the Skin, but care not for the Horns. Fair *Hellen* was a wanton *Grecian* Wench. Bold *Mars* will venture; *Venus* cannot help it. Truſt a fair Face! Not I; let him that liſt. What is *Hercules* without a Club in his Hand?

Thus of his Senſes was poor *Guy* deprived; thus did he rave and ſay he knew not what, being left by Love as blind as *Cupid*'s Eyes, till Reaſon re aſſumed her Rule again, and wild diſordered Paſſions ceaſed to tyrannize: For in nocturnal Viſions *Phælice* ſaw the Power of Love, and gave to *Guy* her Heart.

When

When *Morpheus*, drowſy Serjeant of the Night, had with his leaden Key lock'd up the Senſe, and laid on *Phælice*'s Eyes his ſable Mace, the Heart-tormentor *Cupid*, he that wounds, and makes poor Lovers buy their Bargains dear, ſends from his Bow a Golden-headed Shaft, and wounded *Phælice* in her Maiden-bed; and to her ſight preſents a Martial Man, in Armour clad, and fit for all Encounters. Give him thy Heart, ſaid he, he deſerves it For comely Shape and Limbs, Courage and Valour, the World hath not a Champion that's like him. Great Honour, Lady, thou ſhalt thereby gain to adorn thy Birth, that is noble and renowned. He ſhall aſpire to ſuch a Height of Fame, that Kings and Princes ſhall his Friendſhip covet. He ſhall the Glory of his Country be, and by the Sword perform ſuch wondrous Things, that Kings ſhall court him to become their Champion. Be not ambitious then, that thou art high born, nor be diſdainful of a mean Eſtate. Be not defiled then with a ſcornful Soul, nor lifted up, becauſe Heaven has made thee fair; for it is in vain againſt my Bow to ſtrive, If I ſay, *Love*, it muſt and ſhall be ſo. Fix not thy Thoughts then upon worldly Wealth, for Coin has no Affinity to Love, altho' by Stealth it draws away the Heart. Nor can theſe Money-matches ever be happy; for as the Goods of Fortune do decay, ſo does that Love which they beget conſume. I know the Sway that golden Treaſures bear, by falſe Illuſions, and by baſe Deceits, and ſee how Womens Humours now a-days run after Riches to their own Confuſion. I ſee that every abject Country Peaſant, with Gold enough, can buy a dainty Wife. But, *Phælice*, if thou kneweſt as well as I, how much diſpleaſed Heaven is at ſuch Abuſes, thou would'ſt

ſcorn

ſcorn that ever Virgins ſhould be ſold for Gold and Silver, as your Cattle are. Love muſt be ſimple, harmleſs, plain and pure, and grounded upon ſincere Affection; and it muſt likewiſe be reciprocal, or elſe it is not as it ought to be. Love's inward Thoughts too, muſt in outward Deeds (ſuch as from ſacred Truth proceed) concur. Thy Lover comes not for Advancement to thee, becauſe thy Father is a worthy Earl; nor for *Arabian* Spice, nor *Indian* Gems; but as great *Jupiter* to *Leda* came, it is only to enjoy thy Love and Beauty. Therefore, ſweet Virgin, uſe him well and kindly; make much of him, embrace him for thy own, and let him in thy Heart have a chief Place: Let him no longer for thee moan and grieve, but when thou ſeeſt him next, give him encouragement; and in the Arms of thy Affection let him be embraced —— And with that Word *Embraced*, he ſhot and hit the very Centre of her tender Heart. Feeling the Wound, ſhe ſtarts, and then awaked, being thereby taught to pity ſmarting Lovers; for *Cupid* to the Head his Arrow drew, becauſe he would be ſure it ſhould hit home. With that ſhe fetched a very grievous Sigh, and from her Eyes a Shower of Tears did fall. Where is (quoth ſhe) the gentle Love God gone, whoſe Power I find ſo powerful over all? O! call him back, my Fault I do confeſs; I have in Love been too much void of Pity. Sweet Boy, ſollicit for me to thy Mother; for at her Altars now will I ſacrifice; and from henceforth no other will I adore. No Goddeſs in my Ears ſhall gracious be, but ſhe who hath the all-ſubduing Power of conquering with Delight obdurate Hearts. Compaſſion now hath worthy Conqueſt made of that ſtrong Fort that did Reſiſtance make. To make a League, one Shaft had been

been ſufficient; a League for Life, a Truce that laſts till Death.

Guy more than Life prefers his *Phælice*'s Love: *Phælice* loves him as dear as he doth her; but it is, alas, to him as yet unknown, tho' he made his apparent long before; that now ſhe is his, he don't yet underſtand; his Wound ſtill bleeds, and there is no Salve applied: till forced by his Paſſion, and the Pain he feels, he boldly thus his ſecond Suit begins:

Phælice, I have been long ago arraigned, and now I from your Hand expect my Judgment. I have been Priſoner in a Goal of Woe, ſo ſtrong, that now I do demand my Sentence. O ſpeak unto me either Life or Death, for I am quite grown weary of my Life. In that fair Form of thine, if Kindneſs dwell, expreſs it with [*I love*;] if none there be, then ſay, [*I cannot unto Love incline.*] Thus thou may'ſt make a quick Diſpatch. Let then thy Frowns or Smiles declare my Fate. For, for this Kingdom's Crown, I would not long endure theſe racking Pains that now I undergo.

Phælice replied, It is not at my diſpoſe for to yield to Love without my Friends Conſent, for then I ſhould be guilty of the Crime of being diſobedient to my Parents. You know my Father's Greatneſs in the Land, and if he ſhould (as probably he will) refuſe the Love of one he thinks too mean, how could we bear the Stroke Diſgrace would ſtrike? No Remedy but Death could eaſe my Sorrow, and Shame would ſoon become my Winding-ſheet.

O doubt not of your Father in this Caſe, (replied *Guy*) for *Warwick*'s noble Earl ſhall ſee ſuch noble Deeds of Valour done by me, he neither will, nor can deny the Match. Enjoin me what Ad-

Adventure thou thinkeſt fit, that Wounds and Scars may let my Body Blood.

Why then, quoth *Phælice*, make thy Valour ſhine throughout the World as glorious as the Sun; and I will to thee give my Heart, Soul, and Life, and which ſhall crown the reſt, my trueſt Love: Let Deeds of Honour by thy Hands be done; and by a martial Life enhance thy Fame; and for a Recompence of all thy Toil, take *Phælice* for thy true and lawful Wife.

To gain thy Love, ſaid *Guy*, I aſk no more, and ſhall eſteem it bought at an eaſy Rate. O that I were at Work, my Taſk to prove, with ſome ſuch churliſh Man as *Hercules*.

Phælice, *this Kiſs is all that now I crave,*
And till I've purchas'd Fame, no more I'll have.

CHAP. III.

How Guy, *taking leave of* Phælice, *took Shipping for* France, *and landed in* Normandy, *where he fought with three Champions, delivering a fair Lady who was condemned to die.*

GUY, now by *Phælice* freed from Sorrow's Thrall, arms his great Thoughts with Honour's Enterprize, and ſo embarking, ſails away for *France*, leaving behind him *England*, and his Joy. He ſeeks for Enemies, he longs for Foes, and deſires nothing more than a fair Opportunity to ſignalize the Glory of his Arms. And being ſafe arrived in *Normandy*, and having eſcaped the Fury of a Storm, *Guy* and the Captain of the Veſſel both went aſhore, and there refreſhed themſelves; but they had not long been there, before their Ears were deafned with the loud Shouts of a Multitude of People, and with the louder Noiſe

of

of Drums and Trumpets; this warlike Noiſe extremely pleaſed our *Guy*, for now he thought there would be Work for him, who wanted nothing more than ſome Encounter Therefore enquiring of his Hoſt the Cauſe of thoſe loud

Noiſes that he heard without, he told him, That a beautiful young Lady, whoſe Name was called *Dorinda*, having been raviſhed by the Duke of *Blois*'s Son, and charged him with the Crime, ſhe was committed by the Duke his Father unto Priſon, as one that had accuſed him falſely of the Crime; and that three Ruffians were ſuborned to ſwear ſhe laid that Crime to him on purpoſe to prevent his Marriage with the Princeſs of *Parma*, that ſhe might be revenged for his Breach of Promiſe made to her; which ſo incens'd the old Duke, that he condemned her to be burnt, unleſs ſhe had a Champion to vindicate her Innocence, by fighting with her three Accuſers.

This

This News much pleaſed *Guy*, who was reſolved to vindicate the Innocent, and lay here a Foundation for his future Fame. So that enquiring farther into it, and finding that the Cauſe he was about to undertake was juſt, he preſently gave Order for his Horſe and Arms to be got ready; and ſo accoutring himſelf in his warlike Habiliments, he then took his Leave of his Hoſt, and alſo of the Captain, who had in vain endeavoured to diſſuade him from it: And having deſired the the Captain (who would willingly have gone along with him) to wait for his Return; he rode unto the Place of Combat, where he ſaw the Lady faſtened unto the Stake, with ſeveral Friends about her, lamenting for her hard Fate. *Guy* ſcarce had Time to take a view of her, before thoſe Villains who had falſely accuſed her, entered the Liſts well arm'd and mounted, and proudly wheeling to the Right and Left, they made a Stand; one of them demanding in a very haughty Manner, whether any there preſent durſt enter the Liſts to vindicate the Innocence of that Condemned Criminal: Let him come forth, and I ſhall ſoon, ſaid he, make him repent his raſh and unadviſed Undertaking. This ſet *Guy* all on Fire, who thereupon entering the Liſts, rode up, and ſaid, Yes, here is a Man, thou perjured Villain, that dares to vindicate a wronged Lady's Honour; and know, that I ſo little fear you, that I will revenge her Quarrel, not ſingly, with one only, but with you altogether; that ſo the Matter may be the ſooner ended. This Speech of *Guy*'s ſo much enraged his Adverſary, that giving Order for the Trumpets Sounding, both couched their Spears, and ſo encountered each other, and with ſo much Fury, that the Earth trembled under them: but *Guy* had ſo much the Advantage, that coming with

with his Spear directly on his Adverſary's Breaſt, he found out a Paſſage through it to his Heart, ſo that he ſtraight fell down, and with one Groan expired.

The remaining Combatants, vowing Revenge for their Companion's Death, charged both with deſperate Fury upon *Guy*, who thereupon drew out his maſſy and well-tempered Blade, and brandiſhing it in his Hand, ſoon made them feel it was like the Sword of Fate, which there was no withſtanding; ſo that one falling dead by his Companion, and the other being wounded, begg'd on his Knees that Life he had ſo juſtly forfeited; which, that he might more eaſily obtain, he made a free Confeſſion of his Crime, and ſhewed how they had all been hired to accuſe the Lady by *Philbertus*, the Duke's Son, who really was guilty; and for a Thouſand Crowns had hired them all to bear falſe Witneſs for him, againſt that Lady whom he had abuſed.

This full Discovery caused thro' all the Field an universal Shout; each magnifying the Valour and Generosity of *Guy*; and we may be assured the Lady was not behind hand in sounding out the Praise of her Deliverer; but who this generous Stranger was, was what all wished to know, but none could tell. When he alighted and unbound her, she joyfully embraced his Knees, imploring a Thousand Blessings on his Head, offering what Rewards he pleased to have, but he refused them all, telling her, What he did was out of Love to Virtue and to Honour. But wished her to take Care of her own Safety, by timely getting out of the Duke's Power, lest he should use some other Means to take away her Life. So bidding her Farewel, he rode back to the Ship, and there related to the Captain what befel him, who with no little Joy, heard the Relation. Yet after some Consideration, it was judged best to stay no longer in that Harbour; and so they weighed their Anchors, and sailed out to Sea.

Thus did brave Guy, *a treble Victory win,*
Or else the Lady in bad Plight had been.

CHAP. IV.

How Philbertus, *the Duke of* Blois's *Son, hearing what* Guy *had done, followed him to the Sea, where a dreadful Fight happened between them, in which* Philbertus *and his Men were taken Prisoners.*

AS much Haste as *Guy* and the Captain made to get out of the Harbour, yet they were not altogether out of Danger; for *Philbertus* being informed that one *Guy*, a Native of *England*, had

had not only overcome his Knights of the Poſt, but that his Villany was alſo thereby diſcovered, and the injured Lady freed and got out of his Reach; it made his Anger boil up to the utmoſt Pitch of Rage, threatning to wreak his Malice on the Head of *Guy*, for doing him ſo great an Injury, and therefore he ſecretly armed ſixty of his Servants and his Attendants, and with them made all the Haſte imaginable to the Port where he had Information *Guy*'s Ship lay, thinking to ſurprize him and the Lady there together. But finding himſelf diſappointed, and that *Guy* had ſet Sail Three Hours before his coming, his Diſappointment made his Rage boil higher, eſpecially believing *Guy* fled for fear of him, and that he was alſo conveying the Lady away with him. Whereupon going abcard a ſtout Veſſel that lay in that Harbour, he commanded them to weigh Anchor, and make all the Sail they could after the *Engliſh* Ship, which by a ſmall Boat juſt come into Port, he was informed was ſailed to the Eaſtward. The Mariners immediately got ready, and having a fair Wind, and the Ship being a very good Sailer, in the running of a Glaſs and an half, they came within ſight of the Ship wherein *Guy* was. No ſooner was the *French* Ship come in Sight, but the Mariners gave Notice of it to their Captain, who viewing the Ship with his Proſpect Glaſs, told *Guy*, that he was ſure they were purſued, and alſo that the Enemy being treble their Number, their beſt Way was to hoiſe up all their Sails, and to make the beſt of their Way; and then by the Help of the Evening, he did not doubt but to get clear of them. Why, how many Ships, ſaid *Guy*, are they that chace us? Why, ſaid the Captain, I diſcern no more than one at preſent, but it is a good ſtout Ship, and carries thrice the Men on

board that we do. Well, well, said *Guy*, if that be all, be of good Courage; and the first Thing we do, let us tack about, and meet them like courageous *Engliſhmen*; I will bear the brunt of War myſelf alone I would not for the Crown of *France*, I will ſwear it, have it reported that *Guy* ever fled. This Speech had that Effect upon the Seamen, that one and all cried, Let us engage them ſtraight. Nor did the Captain now appear leſs willing. And ſo they cried, All Hands aloft, to put them in a Poſture of Defence; which they had no ſooner done, but up the *French* Ship comes, and grapples them; this *Guy* was glad to ſee, hoping he ſhould be with them preſently, and therefore he gave Orders to let the *French* board them without much difficulty; who, by that Means ſuppoſing they had been victorious, gave ſuch a Shout as Victors do at Land. This Inſolence made *Guy* ſo lay about him, each Blow he ſtruck had more than human Force, and in a few Moments all the Deck was nothing but a Scene of Blood and Slaughter; no Armour was of Proof againſt his Sword, for at each Blow freſh Streams of Blood ran down. *Philbertus* was amazed at the diſmal Sight, and wiſhed himſelf in his own Ship again; and ordered thoſe few that were left alive, if poſſible to get to his own Ship, and then immediately unGrapple; which *Guy* perceiving, having clear'd his Deck, he ſoon leap'd on Board of the *French* Ship, and ſingly there maintained a bloody Fight, hewing them down with ſo much Fury, that many of them, to eſcape his Sword, leaped into the Sea. *Philbertus* ſeeing this, gave all the Encouragement to his Men that was poſſible; and as one now grown deſperate, charged on *Guy*'s Helmet with ſuch Force, as made it ſparkle Fire; at which undaunted *Guy* returned him ſuch a Blow,

as

as at his Feet made him fall down for dead; which made the Soldiers all throw down their Arms, and cry aloud for Quarter. And thereupon *Guy* who was always merciful to conquered Foes, ended the Battle, commanding all his Men to fight no more; in which time *Philbertus* came to himself again, and with low Submission begg'd his Life, which *Guy* as freely gave him. And having removed him and the rest into his own Ship, set fire to that of *Philbertus*, and sailed on his intended Voyage, coasting along the Shore, until they touch'd upon that part of *Normandy* that borders on *Germany*, where *Guy* with an undaunted Courage landed; and there was welcom'd with the pleasing News, that a great Tilt and Tournament was to be held for *Blanch* the Emperor's Daughter, a beautiful and an accomplished Lady, who was to be the Victor's Prize, who thereby had a Right to marry her, and to have with her a Brace of Grey-hounds, a Faulcon, and a Milk-white Steed. Upon this welcome News, *Guy* discharges the Captain of the Vessel, leaving the Prisoners with him, to dispose of at his Pleasure; who putting them to their Ransom, they obtained their Liberty, while *Guy*, with eager Haste, rode to his Royal Tilting.

And flush'd with Victory already won,
Thought greater Things might by him now be done.

CHAP. V.

How Guy *triumphed over all the* German *Princes, and won Beauteous* Blanch *the Emperor's Daughter, and, after leaving her, returned for* England.

GUY of his Captain having took his Leave goeth where there was more Business to be done; for hearing that there was to be a meeting of valiant Knights from divers Christian Lands, that did intend to run the Race of Valour, for which a great Advantage was propounded, it was charming Musick to his greedy Ear. The Prize that drew them all to this Place, was the Daughter unto the *Almain* Emperor, fair *Blanch*, whose wondrous Face had that attractive Power, that it united all the Graces in her. 'Twas thither all the Worthies posting come: Who won the Damsel (for so was the Law) by manly Courage, and victorious Might, should have her mounted on a milk-white Steed, attended with two Grey-hounds and a Faulcon, all of the same Colour, (if White may be so called:) This was his Lot that could obtain the Day, to bear away the Honour, and the Maid. Our *English* Knight prepares him for the Field, where Kings and Princes also present were, and Dukes and Earls a very great Assembly held, about that wonderous fair and beauteous Prize. Tho' only One must speed, and Hundreds miss, yet there each Man imagines *Blanch* his own. The spacious Field wherein they were assembled, hardly afforded Room for the armed Knights. The golden glittering Armour that was there,

dazled

darted the Sun-beams back into the Clouds. The pampered Horſes proudly pranced about, to hear the Clamour of the Trumpets Sound.

A *German* Prince of an undaunted Spirit did the firſt Onſet and Encounter give unto an Earl, whoſe Valour did requite him with Blow for Blow, as reſolutely brave, till by a Stroke on his Head the Earl received, he was unhorſed, falling to the Ground for dead.

Next, *Guy*, with Courage to the Prince comes forth, and fights juſt like another *Hercules*; like Force he never felt before nor ſince; nor never was put into ſuch hard Extreams. Juſt where himſelf had laid the Earl before, there down comes he, both Horſe and Man to the Ground.

Duke *Otton* ſeeing this, was in a Rage, and with ſuch wrathful Humours was incens'd, he vow'd by Heaven that nothing ſhould appeaſe his Fury, but the Death of that proud Foe. Prepare thee now, quoth he, to breathe thy laſt, Monſter or Devil, whatſoever thou be. They join together in a dreadful Fight, the clattering Armour ſounds, the Splinters fly, and the aſcending Duſt will not let them ſee: Their Blood allays it, ſtreaming from their Wounds. Both their Swords break; they alight, and with main Force *Guy* threw the Duke to the Ground, that his Bones did crack.

Duke *Reyner* would revenge his Couſin then, and for the Encounter next of all prepares: I ſee, quoth *Guy*, that you are leſs than Men, that with a Blow or Fall are vexed ſo ſoon, but come and welcome, I am ready for you. We ſay, in *England*, *The Weakeſt muſt go to the Wall.* Then they together ruſhed, and ſhook the Ground, whilſt animating Trumpets ſound the Alarm. In *Reyner*'s Shoulder *Guy* made ſuch a Wound, that

he

he soon lost the Use of his Right Arm; who thereupon yielded himself as vanquish'd.

Then for a while all stood amazed at *Guy*, none being forward to encounter him, till *Lovain*'s Duke resolved to try his Fortune, having good Hope that he might better speed. Then sitting fair on a proud Steed that ill endured the Bit, well mounted and well armed, I think, quoth he, thou some Enchanter art, that in thine Arm the Force of Magick hast. I will teach thee to believe e'er I have done, quoth *Guy*, for thou shalt feel that I can charm. I will conjure with no other Spell but Iron, by which I will send thee unto Heaven or to Hell. With that he gave him such a cruel Stroke, that he could but a weak Reply return: Then with a second and a third he broke his Helmet. With that, Hold, hold, cried he, I have enough, I will rather yield than die. Let them fight for a Woman that desire it; I think the Devil scarce can deal with thee.

Then not a Man more would encounter him, they were all terrify'd, and stood in Fear, and against *Guy* were all filled with Rage: What, said they, shall a Stranger bear the Honour of this great Day? What cursed Fortune is this, that he should have the Glory of the Field? Amongst themselves they cursed his Happiness, and could have killed him, but no Man dared put his own Life in hazard by his so doing. If Wishes might have done it, he had died; but there was no Man durst attempt for to fight him.

The Emperor then sent a Knight for *Guy*, and asked his Name, and of his Birth and Country, which he told him. Then said his Majesty, I must commend thy haughty Courage, resolutely bold: Brave *Englishman*, thou art thy Country's Pride: In *Europe* lives not such another Man. I do admire thy Worth, great is thy Valour;

my

my Tongue cannot ſuffice for to ſpeak thy Praiſe. Aſcend to Honour's juſt deſerved Seat, thou art a ſecond *Hector* in mine Eyes. This Day thy worthy Hand has ſhewed me more than in my Life before I ever ſaw. Come and receive thy due Deſert of me, my Daughter's Love is free at thy Diſpoſe; the Greyhounds, Steed, and Faulcon take unto thee; thy Worthineſs does merit more than theſe: Hold, here is a Jewel, wear it for my Sake, which ſhall be as a Witneſs of my Love.

Guy thanked his Highneſs for his gracious Favours, and vowed him Service whilſt his Life did laſt. Then to the Princeſs, with a mild Behaviour, he caſt a reverent, humble, modeſt Look, ſaying, Fair Lady, Fortune is my Friend, that ſuch a Beauty to my Lot is given. Madam, accept your loyal *Engliſh* Knight, to do you Service when you ſhall command it; who, while he hath a Drop of Blood to ſpend, will ſacrifice it all on your Behalf, againſt whoſoever ſhall dare to contradict you. Too high it is for me to be your Huſband; it is enough for to be your Servant *Guy*. In *England* doth my Marriage-Love remain, to whom I muſt and will be true for ever; about whoſe Face, ſuch Pains hath Nature took, I durſt have ſworn, Fleſh could never have matched it. But now I find, and ever ſhall acknowledge it, there is a *Phœnix* in the World beſides her, and that is yourſelf: and I dare all Mankind to ſay one Tittle that ſhall contradict it: But which is Faireſt, there is no Eye can tell; no human Judgment in the World can try it, or poſitively ſay which has moſt Beauty *Blanch* or my fair Bride. I dare be bold to call your Beauties Twins; and that compared unto either of you, *Venus* herſelf was but a Black moor. O *Phælice!* here is thy Picture

Picture in this Princeſs Methinks thou art preſent in her lovely Looks. Thou that of my Soul's Faculties art Miſtreſs, recorded in *Time*'s Brazen-leafed Book, if I to thee prove falſe, even in Thought, and much more in my Actions, *Jove*'s fearful Vengeance light upon my Head.

Quoth *Blanch*, Thy Conſtancy (and then ſhe ſighed) is highly to be praiſed, and thou applauded. He that Love's Promiſe will not faithful keep, in Horrors and in Torments let him dwell. But I ſuppoſe thy Vows are yet unmade, and ſo what thy Sword won, thy Heart may take.

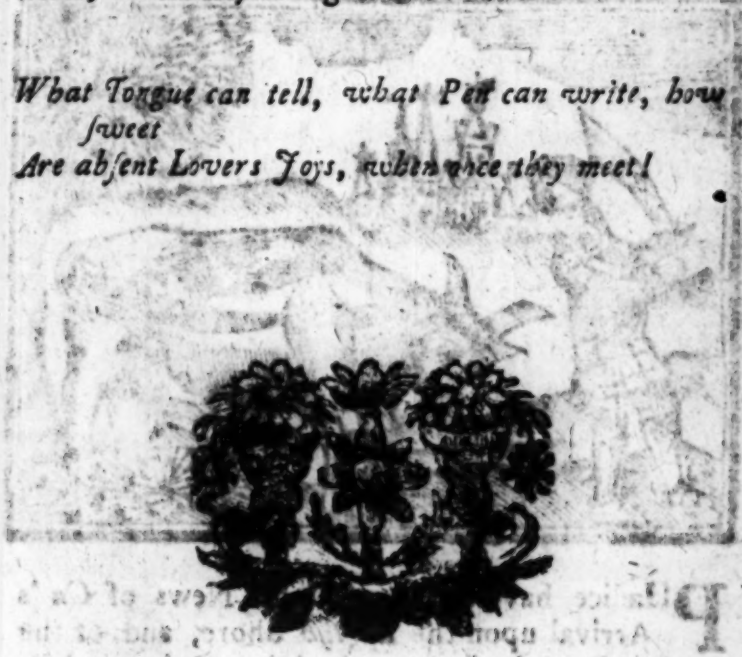
Madam, ſaid *Guy*, what I avouch is true, and I dare call even Heaven to witneſs it. My Proteſtations are above the Skies; and he who made them knows I ſpeak the Truth. Madam, the Sun declines, and the Day grows ancient, I will therefore humbly take my Leave of you, for now my Body is to Repoſe inclined, altho' my troubled Mind can take no Reſt; my reſtleſs Mind is now in *Warwick* Caſtle, altho' my Body be in *Normandy*. Here I make others bend, but there I bow, and lie as low as the humble Ground; even at Love's Feet to the Ground I caſt myſelf. Tho' Victory my Temple here have crowned, I cannot ſtay, I muſt to *England* back. My Mind miſgives me that *Phælice* is not well. Like my ſad Thoughts, my Armour ſhall be Black, and in a mournful Iron Shell I will ſuit me. For where the Mind ſuſpicious Cares does meet with, Diſtruſt is ever dealing doubtful Snares. Yet I have much good Fortune on my Side, that know the Means how to attain my Bliſs; for *Phælice* ties her Love unto my Conditions, and ſhe for this, I truſt, will be my own. By this ſhe may, but if

ſhe

ſhe more requeſt there is nothing in the World that I will deny her.

With haſty Journey therefore Home he goes, leaving the Vulgar unto Nine Days Wonder. And being ſafe arrived upon *Engliſh* Ground, he unto *Phælice* poſted; for too long he thought each Minute that he ſtaid away. And coming to her Preſence, he beholds her with greater Joy, and with more chearful Looks than Pen can write, or can by Tongue be told.

What Tongue can tell, what Pen can write, how ſweet
Are abſent Lovers Joys, when once they meet!



CHAP.

CHAP. V.

How Guy *returning to* Warwick, *was received by* Phælice, *by whom he was sent forth again to seek new Adventures; but before he went, destroyed a Monstrous Dun Cow upon* Dunsmore-Heath.

PHælice having received the News of *Guy*'s Arrival upon the *English* Shore, and of the mighty Fame he had acquired, by all the warlike Deeds his Hands had done, expected soon to see him at her Father's Castle, preparing to receive him according to his Worth, and to the great Affection she had for him. Nor did her Expectations fail her, for *Guy* made all the Haste a Man could make, to lay the Prize of all his glorious Conquests at her Feet. Where being come, after Salutes, and mutual Embraces, *Guy* thus bespoke her:

Fair

Fair Foe, ſaid he, I come to challenge thee; for there is no Man that I can meet will fight me. I have been where a Crew of Cowards are, but none that dare maintain the Right of Ladies: good, proper, and well ſpoken Men, indeed, but let me win a Princeſs from them all. *Phælice*, thi Sword hath won an Emperor's Daughter, as ſweet a Wench as any lives in all *Europe*. I bought her at the Price of Blood and Wounds, well worth my Bargain: But thy better Face hath made me leave her to ſome other's Lot; for I proteſt, by Heaven, I could not love her. This ſtately Steed, this Faulcon, and theſe Hounds I took, as in full Payment of the reſt; for I have always kept my Love to thee incloſ'd within the Center of my Heart. My Conſtancy to thee I have ſtill preſerv'd, leaving all other Women as they are. But ſay, my *Phælice*, ſhall I now obtain thee? Wilt thou conſent that *Hymen* tye our Hands? Art thou reſolved to keep ſtill to thy Vow, that none but I ſhall ever have thy Heart? Can'ſt thou forſake the World, change thy Condition, and now become thy true and faithful Lover's Wife?

To whom fair *Phælice* thus replied again: Know, worthy Knight, my Joys have been enlarg'd at the Report of thy great Deeds Abroad: Some were, I hear, in ſuch a bloody Sweat, their Valour, Fame, and Reputation bleeds. Therefore, my *Guy*, I give thee humble Thanks, that thou for me ſo much didſt undergo, and for my Sake ſuch hard Adventures made. To win a Princeſs, was a precious Prize: But ſure, methinks, if I Sir *Guy* had been the greater Favour from me ſhould have found, than take a Horſe, and turn a Lady by What is a Horſe, a Faulcon, and a Hound more worthy than ſo beautiful a Lady? Perhaps you'll ſay, it was done for Love of me; I do imagine, nay, believe it is;

And tho' I jeſt, I will do more for thee, than thou, or any but myſelf doth know; I will never marry while Life's Glaſs doth run, but only to thyſelf. But, give me Leave, my Love, to ſpeak my Mind; let me lock up my Secrets in thy Breaſt. I had a Viſion did Affection move: *Cupid* came to me, whilſt I ſlumbering lay, and in my Mother's Name commanded me to love thee. And whilſt he was to this perſuading me an armed Man, juſt as I ſee thee now, he ſet before my Eyes, and thus he ſpake: *Phælice*, be gentle-hearted, bow and yield, and do not the Sovereign Power of Love oppoſe; but all thy Loyalty, thy Truth, and thy Love, beſtow it freely on this matchleſs Youth: Throughout the World his Fame admir'd ſhall be, and mighty Men ſhall tremble at his Wrath; to end the Quarrels of great Kings he ſhall be often courted. His Worthineſs no common Path ſhall tread; but Actions to be fear'd he ſhall effect, and Things bring to paſs of greateſt Moment. This, in Effect, he did to me relate, and to his Will I have obedient been. Now how to hate thee if I would, I know not: For I have of perfect Kindneſs learnt the Skill. Believe me, *Guy*, for if it were not thus, this Secret of my Heart thou ſhouldeſt not know. But now, my Love, before thou doſt poſſeſs thy conſtant *Phælice* in her Marriage-bed, thou muſt far greater and more worthy Deeds perform than what thou haſt already done: The winning of a Lady and her Steed, are but ſmall Things to what thou yet muſt do. I will ever love thee, tho' thou never doeſt more, but cannot grant the Uſe of Love, till then.

Quoth *Guy*, not grant the Uſe of Love, fair *Phælice*! Then I perceive, I muſt again go travel, and ſee what Fate has for me ſtill to do. I will

content

content thee, I love, one Way or other, and either ſlay, or elſe be ſlain myſelf, e'er I into this Realm again return, and thou confeſs I have thy Dream fulfilled. Aſſiſt me, Heaven, as I ſincerely mean, for I proteſt by all the Powers above, no unjuſt Quarrel ever ſhall make me fight, nor yet to wrong the wronged will I ever incline: For thoſe that by Oppreſſion fall, I'll ſtand; in Honour's Cauſe my Life I'll freely venture. Come, my *Bellona*, my Sword do thou girt on, and in thy Ivory Arms embrace my Armour, and ſuch kind Kiſſes as thou canſt afford, beſtow upon me in the Stead of Charms, as did *Ulyſſes*'s loving Wife I think, and how thou now her Life doth imitate. Farewell, my *Phœlice*, Health and Happineſs attend thee to thy Heart's Deſire for ever; and like Succeſs I beſeech God to grant me, as I my Love to thee ſhall keep intire. When War's ſtern Works abroad I have perform'd, at my Return *Hymen* will make Amends.

Unto Earl *Roband* next does *Guy* repair, and tells him he is come to take his Leave, for he muſt go where Honour finds him Work, and there receive the juſt Rewards of Virtue. At home, my honourable Lord, ſaid he, I find that Valour has no Stage for Action, I will therefore ſearch what is to be done Abroad; from Kingdom to Kingdom I will go, and find out Work, for no Good comes of Idleneſs; it only bringeth Men up to Sloth and Cowardice, and I hate Cowards as I do hate the Devil.

To which the Earl returned, Dear *Guy*, thou makeſt me grieve at this ſad News; and more becauſe thou haſt diſappointed me. The News is more than I can well endure. I hoped I ſhould enjoy thy wiſh'd for Company, and thou wouldſt go no more Abroad; and now thou ſpeakeſt of new Adventures; O! change thy Mind, brave

Guy, and ſtay with me; no longer truſt to Fortune's treacherous Smiles, tho' now ſhe hath ſo kindly dealt with thee, yet ſhe may leave thee to an unlucky Hour, and turn her many Favours into Frowns. O! do not over raſhly hazard thy Glory: Loſt Honour is not eaſily got again.

To this *Guy* anſwer'd thus, my noble Lord, that Man of Dangers muſt not be afraid, that to Adventures doth himſelf diſpoſe, but muſt ſupported be with Reſolution, and for his Foes ſtill think himſelf too good. I will never fear I ſhall be over come, whilſt I have Hands to fight, or Legs to ſtand. Therefore I'll leave your Honour, wiſhing all Health unto your happy State. If Fortune means to frown, yet ſhe ſhall ſee that I will diſdain her Hate. What Star ſoever ſway'd when I was born, I have a Mind will laugh at all Misfortunes.

The Earl perceiving him reſolv'd to go, told him, That he would be no Hindrance to his Proceedings, and only would ask one Requeſt of him before he went: *Guy* told him, Whatſoever he asked that was within his Power to perform, he ſhould not be denied. Then ſaid the Earl, it is this, That when you are once come ſafe to *England*, you will go abroad no more, but live at home with me. Which *Guy* having promiſed him, prepared for his Departure, and ſoon after took his Leave, going to the Sea ſide, there to embark for *France*.

Being come there, and ready to embark, the Wind proved contrary, and ſo continued for ſix Days together; During which Time, Fame thro' each Corner of the Land, had made a mighty Noiſe of an exceeding great and monſtrous Cow, lurking within the Woods, not many Miles from *Warwick*, making moſt dreadful Devaſtations, de-

deſtroying Man and Beaſt, and putting all their Keepers unto Flight, being ſo mighty ſtrong that it was thought not poſſible to deſtroy it; and ſome affirm, that ſhe was at leaſt four Yards in Height and ſix in Length, and had a Head proportionable, with two ſharp Horns growing direct with Eyes reſembling Lightning for their Fierceneſs; and was of a Dun Colour, and from thence named the *Dun Cow*; and the Place where ſhe lay, being on the Borders of a great Heath, was from thence called *Dunſmore-Heath*, which Name it retains to this Day.

Upon Notice which was given to the King (who was then at *York*) of the Havock and Slaughter which was made by this monſtrous Creature, he offered Knight-hood, and ſeveral other Privileges, to any one that would undertake to deſtroy it. But ſuch was the Terror ſhe had ſpread throughout the Country, that none was found ſo hardy as to adventure himſelf on ſuch a dangerous Enterprize; and the Abſence of *Guy* (who by this Time was ſuppoſed to be in *France*) was generally lamented; all believing he would undertake it.

Guy (who was all this while waiting for a fair Wind) hearing the Diſcourſe of the Country, and hating to be idle, reſolved privately to go and engage with this Deſtroyer of his Country; and ſo taking his Sword, a ſtrong Battle-axe, and his Bow and Quiver with him, he rid *incognito* to the Place where this Monſter uſed to lodge, which was in a great Thicket of Trees, which grew on the Side of a Heath, near a Pool of ſtanding Water; finding as he rid along, the Cottages and Houſes every where thereabouts deſerted, and the Carcaſes of Men and Beaſts lie ſcattered round about; which filled him with great Pity and

Compaſſion for his Country, and extreme Reſentment againſt that monſtrous Deſtroyer.

Being come at laſt within Bow-ſhot of the Place, the Monſter eſpied him, and thruſting her Head thro' the Thicket, her dreadful Eyes were enough to fill any Heart with Terror, but that of the courageous *Guy*, who notwithſtanding her horrid Roaring, ſoon bent his Bow of teel, and as he was one of the experteſt Archers *England* then could boaſt of, drawing his Arrow to the Head, let fly; which ſtriking on the Monſter's Hide, rebounded back as from an Adamantine Wall, without the leaſt Impreſſion being made: At which, whilſt *Guy* was in ſome Admiration, the dreadful Beaſt ſwift as the *Eaſtern* Wind came running towards him, with her ſharp-pointed Horns, aiming directly at him, which he obſerving, lifted his Battle-axe on high, and on the Forehead ſtruck her ſuch a Blow as made her to recoil, and roar moſt hideouſly, and yet enraged more, ſhe came on again; and clapping her Horns upon his Breaſt, dinted his Armour, tho' of the higheſt Proof, before he could avoid her, but wheeling his warlike Steed about, he met her again, and with redoubled Streaks, gave her a deſperate Wound under the Ear, the only Place ſhe could be wounded in ſo ſenſibly; whereat ſhe again roared, ſnorted, and ſtamped on the Ground; And by this, *Guy* perceiving ſhe was mortal, followed that Stroak, with others no leſs forcible, by which at laſt ſhe fell upon the Ground; and *Guy* alighting from his Horſe, hewed her ſo long, till with a horrid Groan ſhe breathed her laſt. Then leaving her almoſt deluged in her own Blood, he rid to the next Town that was inhabited, and there made known the Monſter's Death, to the great Joy of the Inhabitants: The

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People loaded him with Preſents, and honoured him with Thanks; and all the Country came in to ſee that Monſter dead, which when alive they ſtood ſo much afraid of.

And tho' *Guy* thought to get away before the King had Notice of it, yet Fame was ſwifter far than *Guy*, and he was ſent for by the King before he could get on Shipboard, and ſo was forced to go to *York*; where he was no ſooner arriv'd, but the King embrac'd him, and after a ſplendid Entertainment, he gave him the Order of Knighthood, and many rich Gifts, cauſing one of the Ribs of the ſaid Monſter to be hang'd up in *Warwick* Caſtle. And *Guy* having departed from the King very well ſatisfied with his Entertainment, and the Wind now ſerving, he goes on board to ſeek freſh Adventures in Foreign Lands.

Where he ſo many wond'rous Things did do,
As ſtagger'd Faith, and non-pluſs'd Reaſon too.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

How Guy, *with* Heraud, *and two other Knights were assaulted by sixteen Villains that lay in Ambuscade for him in a Wood, whom he destroyed; having killed two, and wounded the other of the Knights: And afterwards assisted the Duke of* Lovain, *who was besieged by the Emperor*, &c.

NOW *Guy* expects a favourable Gale, and has it even to his Heart's Desire, and with a speedy Passage doth he sail to seek new Adventures once again in *France*, where finding none, from thence away he goes to *Lovain*, where the Emperor besieg'd the Duke thereof, because he had the Misfortune to kill the Emperor's Cousin, whom he greatly loved, and therefore took his Death exceeding ill; and thereupon a Quarrel did arise, and Wars ensued between two mighty Foes. Thither goes *Guy* to lend the Duke his Aid, but by the Way a Plot to take away his Life, was by the false Duke *Otton* basely laid, altho' it was not effected; for *Guy* so well about him laid, that it succeeded not: The Matter was, *Otton* before in *France* by *Guy* disgraced, had vow'd, where-ever he met him he should die. And to that End, sixteen appointed were to lie in Ambush, that they might surprise him, who in a Forest slily hid themselves, and on a sudden all surrounded *Guy*, who was only attended with three Knights, and never before was *Guy* in like Distress. But seeing how it was, now, Friends said he, shew yourselves right bred *English* Gentlemen. Here is indeed some Odds, sixteen to three, but I the fourth, will stand you in some stead;

ſtead; you three ſhall combat ſix, that is two to one, and leave the other ten alone to me. With that he drew his ſword, and laid ſo about him, that in the Air their rattling Armour ecchoʼd, and down they quickly dropped on every Side. *Guy* quickly made diſpatch of his half-ſcore. But there remained half a dozen more, which had ſlain two of his beloved Knights, which he no ſooner knew, but ſtraight he ſtamped upon the Ground, and with a fearful Tone, he uttered forth theſe Words: Ah, Villains! how my Soul abhors this Sight; for theſe how my revengeful Paſſions ſtrive! This bloody Deed with Blood I will repay; you die, tho' you had each a Thouſand Lives. Two you have ſlain out-right, and wounded *Heraud*, which is the laſt curſed Act you ſhall do. And then with Force, almoſt exceeding all that human Arm could ever boaſt, he lays upon them Blows which made them reel, and quickly brought them breathleſs to the Ground. At length, cut all in Piece-meals for the Fowls: Lie there, quoth *Guy*, and feaſt the hungry Crows, or feed the ſavage Beaſts that hither come. But for theſe worthy Gentlemen that have loſt their Lives in the Defence of me, and for my Sake left *England*'s pleaſant Soil, them will I inter in honourable wiſe, with what Solemnity the Place affords, and be myſelf a Mourner at their Funeral.

From thence unto a Hermit not far off he rid, and did with Care that Charge to him commit, who did that Office carefully perform, and bare Home wounded *Heraud* to his Cell, who was not dead (tho' *Guy* ſuppoſed him ſlain) but quickly by the Hermit was recovered.

Now forth goes *Guy*, ſad, penſive, and perplexed, grieving that Deſtiny had dealt ſo hardly,

to

to take away his dearly beloved Company, and leave him as he travelled all alone, that none could eaſe the Torments of his Mind. But in his lonely ſolitary Travel, at laſt his Fortune brought him to a Place that was for Honour very much renowned, and there he met with Tilts and Tournaments, which entertained him with Delight and Glory. And there kind Fortune gave him her Conſent to win the Prize from every valiant Knight; of all the worthy Men that thither came, not one could match him in Duke *Reyner*'s Court.

Then to the Duke of *Milan* he repairs, where he is admired of all for his great Worth; and underſtanding ſome Affairs of Weight fell out betwixt Duke *Segwin* of *Lovain*, and the Emperor, he from the Duke of *Milan* went his Way, and forthwith took his Journey to *Lovain*. But as he paſſed through the Way, he met a Pilgrim that with Travel ſeemed faint, whom he greets, and with ſome News, intreats him to refreſh his longing Ear. He with a Sigh or two, ſaid; Sir, With News I have but little Buſineſs; there is but one thing in the World that I care for, and only that and nothing elſe I mind: I in Deſpair do ſeek a Man, becauſe I have long ſought, but cannot find him; a Man more to me than all the Men in the World beſide.

Thou ſpeakeſt, ſaid *Guy*, like one that haſt ſome Gratitude. But tell me, pray, what Man art thou? And what is he for whom thou haſt expreſſed ſo great a Kindneſs?

I am an *Engliſhman* of Knight's Degree, quoth *Heraud*, and the Subject of my Grief is the Loſs of one Sir *Guy*, my Countryman.

Guy then with Tears of Joy embraces him: And art thou living, *Heraud*, my dear Friend? ſaid

ſaid *Guy*, and kindly took him in his Arms. Then here I bid my Sorrows all Adieu: Pray, who thy Wounds did cure?

Heraud, no leſs ſurprized with Joy and Wonder, to find Sir *Guy* his Countryman again, cried out, And have I found thee thus, my Friend! My Pains and Travel have been well rewarded. It was the good old Hermit that ſaved me, by the Medicine he applied. Then each embraced, and both renewed their Joys, at this ſo good and happy Meeting. No angry Star with inauſpicious Rays befel them then, but both were well content.

Then mounting on their Steeds, they bend their Courſe with eaſy Pace, unto Duke *Lovain's* Court, where they his City find in great Diſtreſs, ſtraightly beſieged by the Emperor's Forces. But *Segwin* was extremely ſatisfied that worthy *Guy* was come unto his Aid; for now, quoth he, I dare be bold to ſay, we have an honourable valiant Man: Adviſe me, warlike Knight, what is to be done, to free me from the Danger I am in?

My Lord, quoth *Guy*, great as the Danger ſeems, myſelf will find a Way to ſet you free; let us preſently upon them iſſue forth, our Courage will make the Cowards fly.

Thy Council, quoth the Duke, I do approve, and to thy Project give my free Conſent. Let Life, Limb, Blood be loſt, I will follow thee. So let all do, that come to me in Love.

Then ſuddenly they ruſh out of the City, and on the *Almains* ſuddenly ſet; where they did ſuch a bloody Slaughter make, that many Thouſand Lives were ſoon cut off: Of 30,000 that beſieged the Town, there ſcarce was 3000 that eſcaped.

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The Emperor at this was much perplexed, but with new Forces gave a freſh Aſſault; as knowing well they could not be relieved, and ſo their Strength muſt weaken by degrees. And therefore coming with a new Supply, believed he in ſhort Time might famiſh them. *Guy* and the Duke appear upon the Walls, and tell him, he ſhall never win the Town, for they can ſpare his Soldiers what Proviſion they can deſire, and ſo flung down Abundance of Victuals from the Walls, and withal told them, That if they wanted, he could ſpare them more. And now, quoth *Guy*, that we have fed your Bodies, I hope your Stomachs will be up to fight: But I am afraid you are not rightly bred, but like ſome Dunghill Cocks, will crow, and run away. But ſtill, when Cowards do a Fray begin, before the Battle ends, away they run, and ſo yourſelves have lately done, we ſee. Your Tongues we heard, but could not feel your Hands; your Words were hot, but Actions cool enough; though, I confeſs, your Heels are wondrous nimble. We did believe, that when you firſt came hither, we ſhould have found you Men of Strength and Courage; but having tried you, find 'tis no ſuch Matter, unleſs you could ſurprize us while we ſleep; for waking we will encounter One for Ten, and never wiſh to have a better Match. And if you can do better, let us ſee it; therefore prepare, for we will be with you preſently. ——And then upon their Foes forthwith they flew, fighting like Men that laughed pale Death to ſcorn; for they reſolved they would their City free, or never live to ſee another Morning. Much Blood was ſhed, and many Lives it coſt; but in the End the *Almains* loſt the Day. The Duke, with *Guy*, ſwiftly

ſwiftly purſued their Foes, who, like ſo many Hares, fled away.

The Victors to the City back repaired, with Trophies of the Glory they had gained, and all that heard the Action much admired the great Exploit ſo reſolutely done. But unto *Guy* the Duke returned his Thanks; for thou (quoth he) art *Cæſar* of our Field.

My Lord, quoth *Guy*, I take not ſo much Joy that I have by my Sword your Freedom wrought, as I ſhould Glory, if it were my Hap, to make the Emperor and you good Friends. Give me but Leave, and I will do my Endeavour, and put Good-will to a blunt Soldier's Wit.

The Duke conſented, and deſires Sir *Guy* to take a Guard of Soldiers from the Town.

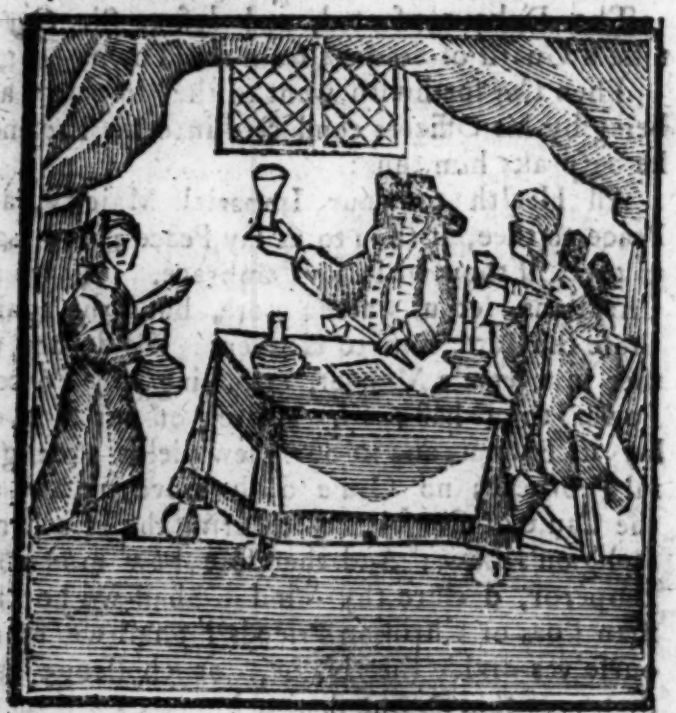
Then *Guy* forthwith went to the Emperor, and being by his Officers conducted into his Preſence, he beſpeaks him thus:

All Health to your Imperial Majeſty, and Peace to thee, if thou to us ſay Peace; and Love to thee, if thou will Love embrace. As we are Chriſtians, let us war no more, but fight againſt thoſe that are Foes to Heaven. We do not ſue thee in a ſervile Manner, as fearing any Force or Power thou haſt; for Victory on our Side diſplays its Banner, and to our View yields a delightful Proſpect; no Cauſe doth move us but the the Cauſe of Conſcience, to bring the Heathen to Religion's Law: And therefore now moſt noble Emperor, declare thy Mind. Shall we be Chriſtian Foes or Chriſtian Friends? Shall we among ourſelves divide the Name, or challenge them that have that Name denied?

Guy having ended what he had to ſay, the Emperor to him made this Reply:

Brave *Englishman*, Hadst thou spoke thus before. Thousands had lived, that now the Sword has slain; but those must in the Bowels of the Earth remain, until the general Resurrection: But, for the future, Wars betwixt us shall cease, and I will embrace thee as my Friend. Thy Motion, honoured Knight, to Honour tends, and thou shalt live in Fame's immortal Praise; and when thou art buried in eternal Night, thy Name unto the End of Days shall last.

Come, go, great Prince, quoth *Guy*, into the Town, and with Duke *Segwin* there a League renew. Our End shall be to pull down Pagans, those Foes to Religion.



The Emperor being brought by *Guy* into the City, the Duke of *Lovain* from his Castle came, and

and after mutual Salutations paſt, the Emperor was conducted to the Caſtle, where, by the Meditaion of Sir *Guy*, there was a League between them ſoon concluded, to the great Joy of all the People; which was with Feaſting and Rejoicing, welcome on every Side.

CHAP. VIII.

How after Guy *had made Peace between the Emperor and the Duke of* Lovain, *he was furniſhed with Two Thouſand Men, and Ten Ships of War, for the Relief of* Byzantium; *and being ſcattered from the reſt of the Fleet, is ſet upon by Three Pirates, Two of which he deſtroys, and forces the Third to fly.*

GUY having thus accompliſhed his End of making Peace between two Contenders, the Emperor and the Duke of *Lovain*, they both intreat *Guy* to ſtay amongſt them, to enjoy that Peace he had procured But by no Means could they prevail upon him, He was for ſeeking out new Scenes of Action, but would no more employ his Arms againſt Chriſtians; and therefore earneſtly intreated them to furniſh him with Forces to go againſt the faithleſs *Saracens*, who had broke in upon the *Grecian* Empire, and beſieged *Byzantium*. They both agreed, and left it to himſelf to take what Force he thought ſufficient, and they would furniſh him with all Things neceſſary for the War. *Guy*, after having returned Thanks to both for their kind and generous Offer, aſſured them he would ſo employ their Forces, as ſhould be for the Honour of all *Chriſtendom*. And thereupon immediately ſelected two Thouſand of the choiceſt Soldiers preſent, one of the

Emperor's Forces, and the other of them belonging to the Duke of *Lovain*, who with equal Willingness went with him, as proud of being those whom he had chosen. Next, he embarked them on ten Ships of War, and then took Leave of the Emperor and the Duke, promising, that at his Return he would present them with such Trophies and Evidences of his Soldiers Courage, as the Fortune of War should yield him; and so departed with a prosperous Gale.

Guy being now plowing the briny Ocean, almost a Month, and meeting no Adventure, thought Fortune dealt a little hardly by him. But by a Wind, common enough to those that sail upon the *Levant* Seas, disjoined from his Fleet, she gave him new Occasion for his Valour; for he was met by three *Turkish* Men of War (and three to one you will say is Odds at Foot-ball) who being of the *Sallee* Rovers, supposed they had got a Prize, as judging him a Merchant-man, and thereupon came boldly up, and thought straight to have boarded him; which *Guy* perceiving, could not chuse but smile, and tell his Men they had now an Occasion to exercise their Valour, and thereupon drew out his flaming Sword, so often tried in War, and charged on the assailing Infidels with such a martial Fury, that *Mars* himself could hardly have done more, glutting the gaping Jaws of hungry Death, not only cutting down the Men, but also spoiling all their Shrouds and Tackle; whilst valiant *Herauld*, and the rest remained not idle on the other Side; for they having prepared Hemp, Tar, Rosin, and other like combustible Materials, set it on Fire, and threw it into the *Turk*'s Ship that engaged them: This was a Stratagem till then unknow; which catching hold of the Decks, Masts,

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and Rigging, ſoon ſet the Ship on Fire, which they being utterly unable to extinguiſh, ſoon quit their flaming Caſtle, and rather chuſe to periſh in the Ocean; which the other Ships beholding, and being much ſurprized to meet with ſuch Reſiſtance, now found too late they had caught a Tartar, and ſo hoiſted their Sail, preparing to be gone; which one of them had the good Hap to do, but *Guy* reſolving to make ſure of the other, ſo cloſely grappled with her, that he ſoon leaped on board her, and there made ſuch a Slaughter, that all the Deck was covered with the Carcaſſes of thoſe that fell as Victims to his Sword; which ſo amazed the *Turks*, that they cried in vain to *Mahomet* to come and ſave them from thoſe inhuman Devils that aſſaulted them. But altho' *Mahomet* knew nothing of the Matter, yet *Guy*, out of Compaſſion, ſpared their Lives. Then putting forty of his Men on Board he ſent the Ship, with the remaining Priſoners, to his Friend the Duke, as the Firſt-fruits of what his Valour purchaſed. No ſooner had this briſk Engagement ended, but *Guy*'s nine Ships came up with him again, which had by reaſon of a Fog been ſeparated from him And the Night coming on, *Guy* ordered they ſhould ſtand off to the South-Eaſt, for fear of running ſoul upon the Rocks, too often met with in thoſe Parts.

No ſooner was the long'd for Morning come, but from the Main-top-maſt, a Seaman calling unto *Guy*, told him, he made the Land; which e'er the Sun had run out half his Race, the whole Ship's Crew beheld as well as he. And as unto the Land they nearer drew, they cou'd diſcover famed *Byzantium*'s Shore, which then was by the *Turks* and *Saracens* infeſted almoſt round. *Guy* thereupon ordered his Forces to be landed at the

next convenient Harbour, and from thence sent *Heraud* with two other Captains, to learn if possible, how things then stood, both with respect to the Besieged, and the Besiegers. In five Hours Time *Heraud* returned again, and from a *Turk* whom they had met without and taken Prisoner, they understood the City was besieged by Fifty Thousand Men, who were most *Turks* and *Saracens*, and that it had been so for three Months Time, but that it was defended by the Christians, commanded by *Albertus*, a very worthy *Saxon*.

This News was very welcome unto *Guy*, who now thought he had a fair Opportunity to shew his Valour, and serve the Christian Interest by the Destruction of the Infidels. And therefore he dispatched *Heraud* his trusty Friend, and one Knight more, unto the Lord *Albertus*, to let him know that he was come from *Germany*, and lay ready now in such a Port, with Two Thousand Christians under his Command, ready to serve him; and if he would in the Evening make a Sally out at the Gate that looks towards the Sea, he would be ready with his Men to force his Way thro' the Enemy's Camp, and join him, and so come into the City to assist him.

Heraud and his Companion undertook to deliver this Message to *Albertus*; and by the help of *Turkish* Habits, passed all the Guards, without the least Suspicion; and coming to the Gates, declared they had a Message to *Albertus*, and thereupon they were let in, and straight conducted to the Castle, where *Albertus* and his chief Officers were sitting in Council of War; to whom after due Reverence paid, they gave an Account of their Business; but having declared this only by Word of Mouth, *Albertus* and his Officers seemed somewhat doubtful, as not knowing but

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it might be a Stratagem contrived by the Enemy, to take the City; but when *Heraud* had delivered *Albertus* a Letter under *Guy*'s own hand, to whose great Fame for martial Deeds *Albertus* was no Stranger, they quickly changed their Sentiments, and treated them as they deserved, for such a welcome Message, to which they gave a ready and chearful Compliance, entertaining them with all imaginable Civility and Kindness, promising not to fail sallying out at the Time and Gate appointed. *Heraud* and his Friend returning back to *Guy*, accquainted him with all that passed, who being very joyful that Things succeeded so well, landed his Men with all imaginable Silence and Dexterity, drawing them up in Battalia upon the Shore, and giving Orders to those that continued on board, to stand off to Sea, till he should signify his Pleasure to them to come into the Harbour. After which he marched towards the City with all the Privacy and Silence that could be. But for all his Caution, the Enemy had perceived them, and taken the Alarm; so that gathering together from all Quarters, they were ready to receive him: *Guy* no whit discouraged, made a short Speech to his Soldiers, telling them of the Goodness of their Cause, and the Assistance they should have from their Friends in the City, bid them fall on undauntedly, and the Day was their own: Upon which they gave a great Shout, and *Guy* drawing his flaming Sword, fell on his Foes with such undaunted Fury, that they soon bore down all that were before them; so that where-ever they came, the mangled Bodies of their Foes overspread the Crimson Plain. *Guy* with redoubled Blows slaughtering where ever it was he turned himself: Thus the Dispute continued for more

than

than two Hours Space; in which *Guy* had so well improved his Time, that he and his small Forces, with the Assistance of Three Thousand from the City, who sallied out according to their Promise, had destroyed almost Thirty Thousand Men. So that the Pagan Army finding themselves thus worsted on all Sides, retreated to their Camp in much Confusion; which filled the *Soldan* with revengful Thoughts, which he resolved forthwith to execute; and presently gave Orders to his Soldiers, early next Morning, to assault the City, which he supposed, wearied with the last Night's Fatigue, would scarce be able to make much Resistance. *Guy* suffered their Retreat that Night, not thinking it convenient to pursue them, and with his Soldiers entered the Town, where, by *Albertus* and his Officers, and all the Citizens beside, he and his Men were joyfully received, and kindly welcomed. *Albertus* in his Arms embracing *Guy*, conducted him to his own Lodgings, and kindly thanked him for his brave Assistance; then gave him a most noble Treat, where they drank Healths to the Emperor, and all the *German* Princes, to whom Sir *Guy* professed himself a Subject; whom they thought happy above other Princes, in having such a Subject as Sir *Guy*. And after they had eat and drank sufficiently, they all retired to rest their weary Limbs, after the great Fatigue they had undergone.

Early next Morning, as the *Soldan* ordered, the Army was prepared for the Assault, the Drums all rattling, and the Trumpets sounding; at which the Army gave so great a Shout, as made the Hills resound the Ecchо back, the Noise whereof awaked our warlike *Guy* from the sweet Sleep which he till then had taken;

who

who riſing, ſtraight aſcended to the Tower, and there beheld the Army of the Enemies, who with their Scaling Ladders were marching towards the Walls: Then he inſtantly gave Order unto *Heraud* to get his Forces in a Readineſs; which being done, he turned to *Albertus*, and beſpoke him thus: My Lord, The Honour of all *Chriſtendom* lies now at Stake, and therefore it concerns us now to make a brave Defence; they intend to ſcale our Walls; but, in my Opinion, we had much better meet them in their March without the Walls, than tarry for them here. Our Forwardneſs will bring a Damp upon them, and quite confound and break their Meaſures too: Fortune does always favour bold Attempts: And Victory, you ſee, has on our Side declared herſelf already; which will both encourage our Soldiers, and diſhearten thoſe of our Enemies.

Albertus readily approved of what Sir *Guy* had ſaid, commending his high Courage, and rendering Thanks to Heaven, that had ſent ſo ſtout a Champion to defend the Town. And then, becauſe the Enemy was near, each went to their reſpective Poſts, in order to attack them: And opening the Gates, all ſallied out to meet them, according to the Order *Guy* propoſed; he with his *Germans* marching in the Front. By this bold March of their's to meet them, the Enemy ſtarted, and believed they ſhould have harder Work of it than they thought of: And therefore throwing down their ſcaling Engines, they put themſelves into Battalia; which *Guy* perceiving, gave Orders to his Archers in the Front to begin firſt, who drawing their ſtrong Bows, poured in amongſt them ſuch a ſhower of Arrows, as almoſt darkened the Sun itſelf, and galling of the *Turkiſh* Horſe, put them into Diſorder; whereupon *Guy* and

Heraud

Heraud broke into the main Body, killing and wounding all that durſt oppoſe them, ſtill preſſing them both to the Right and Left, with Flights of Arrows, which ſtruck a mighty Terror in the Infidels. The *Byzantines*, led by *Albert*, and encouraged by the warlike *Guy*, in a ſhort Time routed the Left Wing of the Enemy; while *Guy* fought the main Body, hewing the Pagans down on every Side, and like the Hand of Fate dealt Death at every Blow; until at laſt, he came to the Squadron by *Colbron* led, one of the Pagan's Generals; who being to the Battle newly come, began to wonder at the mighty Havock that *Guy* had made in the Army; and therefore, coming forwards towards *Guy*, he, in his haughty Way, ſpoke to him thus: Thou makeſt a Shew of Valour, I perceive, but if thou any real Valour haſt, let's have a little Sport between thee and I, only to ſee which of our Swords cuts beſt: Thou haſt a Weapon there that is much too ſmall, and is methinks, too blunt to make one bleed. Too blunt, ſaid *Guy*, I tell thee Pagan, thou ſhalt find it otherwiſe: I will whet it e'er we part, upon thy Bones, and make thee quickly tell another Tale. If it ſhould fail me now, I ſhould much wonder, for it has never failed me yet, I am ſure, but often cut ſuch Lubbers down as thou art. Come, art thou ready? Bid thy Friends Adieu, for thou art never like to ſee them more. Then did they lend each other ſuch hard Blows, that Sparks of Fire did from their Helmets fly: The numerous Pagans round about them flock, expecting all in the End the Death of *Guy*; for *Colbron* was not only very ſtrong, but had been long Time Champion to the Pagans. At length *Guy* gave him ſuch a Blow, that down comes *Colbron* and his Strength to the Ground. Pagan, ſaid *Guy*, is my

Sword

Sword ſharp, or no? For even now thou blamed'ſt it as too blunt; Riſe up, for if thou can'ſt not feel thy Legs, off goes thy Head, as ſure as this is Steel: and thereupon he gave him ſuch a Blow as forthwith made him ſhorter by the Head; which when the amazed Infidels beheld, they were with Wonder all aſtoniſhed; for they ſo confident of *Colbron* were, they durſt have ventured Goods, and Life and Limb, on any Combat that by him was fought.

Then *Heraud* (to give *Guy* ſome breathing Time) challenged a Pagan called *Etendant*, and dared and defied him to his Face, (for valiant *Heraud* did no Courage want) the Pagan, ſomewhat hot, with Fury filled, engaged *Heraud*, and ſoon was overcome, and to the Lake below ſent after *Colbron*: Then *Guy* unto another Champion goe, *Morgade* called, whom *Guy* ſo well belaboured, he quickly ſent him after his two Fellows: The Pagans ſeeing thus their Champions ſlain forſook the Field, and fled unto their Camp. Where when they came, they told all to the *Soldan*, who filled with Rage, and curſing all his Gods, ordered his Troops to rally once again; which when they durſt not do for fear of *Guy* the *Soldan* rather than not be revenged, ſent *Guy* a formal Challenge, demanding him to fight a ſingle Combat with him; and by the Event of that to end the War. *Guy* joyfully accepted of his Terms; and all Things being ready for the Combat, they both meet with ſuch martial Rage and Fury, as made even the Earth itſelf to quake; the *Soldan* being prompted by Deſpair, and *Guy*, courageous for the Chriſtians Honour, redoubled on him ſuch reſiſtleſs Blows, as made his gilded Armour ſoon give Way; and by that Means *Guy* quickly found a Paſſage to his Heart, which, ſo

ſoon

soon as with his trusty Sword he had pierced, not able longer to support himself, cursing his Gods, the *Soldan* fell down dead. This fatal sight being seen by *Eskeldart*, a bloody and tyrannick *Turkish* Prince, he straightway vowed Revenge, and rides up armed to the Place where *Guy* then stood; Villain (quoth he) whom like a Dog I hate, I will make thee curse the Time that thou was born:- Know therefore, I am come to fetch thy Head; for to my Mistress I have promised it. My Dogs shall feed upon thy *English* Flesh. They must devour thy Body every Bit. Come, I have vowed by *Mahomet* thou diest. Thy trusting in thy Saviour shall not save thee.

And thou hast given away my Head, said *Guy*, unto a Lady? 'Tis a noble Gift. An honest Man will do what he has said, and never promise more than designed. Come on thy Ways and take it quickly off, or else the Lady will suppose you jeer her.

Then straight with Dint in they rush together, laying on as hard as they could drive; but *Guy*'s keen Sword did so hew *Eskeldart*, that for his Head he durst no longer strive; but on a sudden for to save his own, put Spurs to his Horse, and in all Haste is gone.

After this Rout, the Plunder of the Field was by the Victors taken; and then *Guy* returns in warlike Triumph to the City, Where they receive him with the greatest Pomp and truest Joy, that they knew how to shew: while as he rid triumphant thro' the Streets, the People from the Houses Tops and Windows, threw Garlands down before him, and strewed his Way with Flowers, eccho'ng along the Streets, Long live brave *Guy*, the Noble and Renowned *English* Champion, our fortunate and great Deliverer: In Memory whereof, they

after-

afterwards set up his Statue in the Market-Place, which has been since destroyed by the *Turks*.

Guy, after his Deliverance of the City having been treated as he well deserved, staid with *Albertus* there about ten Days, and then desired to return to *England*; and leaving half his Men there, as *Albertus* had requested him, that to the City they might be a Guard, he with the rest embarked on his Ships, and with great Presents, sailed back for *Germany*.

Thus having wrought the Pagans Overthrow,
He made the World his Worth and Valour know.

CHAP. IX.

How Guy *being in a Forest, seeing a Lion and a Dragon fighting, took the Lion's Part, and killed the Dragon: Also how* Guy *and* Heraud *found Earl* Terrey *wounded, and his Lady taken from him by Sixteen Villains, most of whom he killed, and restored the Lady to her Husband.*

GUY and his Ships being becalmed at Sea, put into Harbour to refresh themselves, where *Guy* and his Friend *Heraud* went ashore; and it so happening that a pleasant Forest lay bordering near the Place they landed at, they entered it, and walked a little Way, to see if they could light of any Venison, observing, as they went, how shady Trees embraced each other in their green leafed Arms, and how famed Eccho keeps her Dwelling there, and

and little Birds there fearleſs ſing their Notes; they chanced to find a Silver ſtreaming Spring, which there they looked on as a Rarity; and with thoſe Chryſtal Streams they cooled their Heats, and quenched that Thirſt they had ſo long endured; and there t ſatisfy th ir craving Stomachs, they made of Herbs and Roots a pleaſant Meal: Wher on a ſudden, an unuſual Noiſe (which ſeem d to be at no great Diſtance off) invades their liſtening Ears; but it reſembled moſt a Lion roaring. Hark, hark, ſaid *Guy*, I am almoſt affrighted at this ſtrange uncouth Noiſe. *Heraud*, let us ſtraight take Horſe, that we may be prepared for all Events: I never heard a Sound that ſcared me more in all my Life. I will go ſeek it out, it comes from yonder Way; Some Monſter, or ſome Devil makes this Noiſe, for it is no human Voice, for certain. So forth he rides, and underneath a Hill, he finds a Dragon fighting with a Lion. O! this is princely Sport indeed, ſaid *Guy*; fight on, that I may ſee who gets the Day, and then I will ſet upon the Conqueror. The Dragon winds his crooked knotted Tail about the Lion's Leg, to throw him down; but then the Lion fallen d on his Scales, and nimbly did avoid the Fall intended him. Then both with the uttmoſt Fury bite and tear, and ſo maintain a long and bloody Fight. At laſt the Lion fainted, turns aſide, and looks about, as if he would be gone. Nay, then, quoth *Guy* Lion, I will take thy Part and execute my Vengeance on this Dragon. With that courageouſly to work he goes, and with the Dragon carries on the Fight, giving him Blows with all his Might and Strength, and yet cannot penetrate his ſcaly Sides. The monſtrous Beaſt diſplays his flaggy Wings, and with moſt dreadful Yelling at him comes; whoſe very

Looks might make a Man afraid, ſo terrible ſeemed his devouring Jaws; wide, gaping grilly, like the Mouth of Hell; more terrible than Pen or Tongue can utter; his blazing Eyes burning like living Fire; and from his Gorge ſulphureous Smoke he belched; aloft his ſpeckled Creſt he mounted higher than *Guy* could reach at Length of Weapon's Stroke. Thus in moſt ireful Mood he bore himſelf, crying as loud as watry Billows roar. And then his mortal Sting he ſtretched out, exceeding far the ſharpeſt Point of Steel; then turns and winds his ſcaly Tail about the Horſe's Legs: With that, *Guy* hews upon him with his Blade, and laid on him three Men's Strength at every Stroke; one fatal Blow he gave him in his ſide, from whence did iſſue Streams of ſwarthy Blood; the Sword had made the Paſſage wide and broad, ſo that like a Flood, the Gore over-ſpread the Ground, which made the Dragon turn to have ſo ſook him. Nay, then quoth *Guy*, thou haſt not long to live, I ſee thou fainteſt, and ready art to fall. Then did he give him ſuch a parting Blow, that down the Dragon came unto the Ground; roaring and bellowing at ſuch a Rate, that the hideous Sound did more affright the Conqueror, than did his fighting with him; ſo he rid away, and let the Monſter lie. But looking back he eſpies, behind his Horſe the reſcued Lion following at his Heels, which made *Guy* alight to engage with him likewiſe. But when the Beaſt beheld his Weapon drawn, he fawned upon him like a Spaniel Dog; and like that grateful Lion, which did ſave *Androniсus*, for pulling out a Thorn, when by the Laws he was condemned to be devoured by Beaſts upon the Amphitheatre, the Lion came, remembring his old Kindneſs, and fawned upon him, and licked him, very kindly bearing it ſeems, an old

good

good Turn in Mind. Juſt ſo this grateful Lion dealt with him, for the ſame Benefit which he had done, by ſaving him from the fierce and poiſonous Dragon. For tho' a Lion is by Nature cruel, as being a ravenous and devouring Beaſt, yet like a Spaniel, he by his Horſe did run, and and till he did again embark, ſtaid with him.

But the Wind ſerving in a little Time, *Guy* and his Friend embarked again and ſo purſued their Voyage; and in *Almain* arrived in a ſhort Time, and there, according to his Worth and Merit, was entertained by the Emperor, who bid him kindly welcome into Chriſtendom, and entertained him with a Tournament, with Kingly Banquet, and with Princely Revelling; all ſtriving to behold that mighty Man, of whoſe great Actions Fame ſo loudly ſpoke; and of whoſe wondrous Acts they had heard ſo much, and thought they could not do him too much Honour.

But taking Leave of the Emperor and the reſt, he travels to his old Friend the Duke of *Lovain*, whom he had a particular Reſpect for, and did above all others long to ſee. But e'er unto his Journey's End he came, he met with an Adventure by the Way, and ſet a worthy wronged Lady free, who forcibly was taken from her Love, and he at the Point of Death, left ſorely wounded. Of which take this following Account.

The noble *Terrey*, a right valiant Earl, with his dear Love, ſirnamed *Oſile the Fair*, (his precious and eſtimable Jewel) to take the Air into the Foreſt went, wherein a Plot was laid to take away his Life, that ſo another might enjoy his Love. And on a ſudden ſixteen Villains came upon the Earl and ſadly wounded him: Sirrah, ſaid one, thou haſt a Wench we claim; ſhe muſt go with us; lye upon the Ground, and if tho

can'ſt ſee a Paſſenger, beg him to make a Grave to bury thee. *Guy* finding *Terrey* in this wretched Caſe, and hearing how his Wife was raviſh'd from him, adminiſtred what comfort he was able; he with the Loſs of Blood looked pale and wan, and almoſt ready was to die indeed. Come, Courage, noble Earl, ſaid *Guy* to him; I'll do my beſt to fetch thy Love again, or elſe ſay, *Guy* is but a boaſting Coward. When *Terrey* heard the mention of that Name, he ſtrait revived, for of his worthy Deeds Fame had before ſufficiently acquainted him. Then ſtriving to ariſe from off the Ground, he did his beſt Endeavour to embrace him: Thanks, gracious Heaven, quoth he, with Soul and Heart, for ſending ſuch a Man to right my Wrongs. Which is the Way (ſaid *Guy*) thoſe Villains went? The Path by yonder Oak, ſaid woeful *Terrey*: I'll follow them, ſaid *Guy*, and by my Knighthood, I will make each Man come off by weeping Croſs. Scarce had he ſpoke, before he heard a Shriek, which *Terrey* knew to be the fair *Oſila*'s. Away rid *Guy*, and by that Sound directed, he quickly found the barbarous Villains out Coming to them, Wretched Slaves, quoth he, what is your Deſign with this Fair Lady here: Inlarge her preſently, and ſet her free You have done Wrongs which you muſt dearly pay for: Her Huſband wounded, and ſhe uſed with Violence, are Crimes which all your Lives can ſcarce atone for. With that they laughed, and ſaid, What Fool is this or rather Mad man in his deſperate Mood that fain by willful Death would get a Name, and have the World report he hath been kind? Some frantic Fit this Fellow is ſurely in, that means to fight thus without Fear or Wit If it be ſo, quoth *Guy*, that Fit is now on me, and you ſhall find it will

be

be a raging one. With that, Sir *Guy*, knitting his angry Brow, bid the fair Lady ceaſe her penſive Moans, for you ſhall from theſe Villains Hands be freed. Then with a Courage admirably bold, at every Blow ſome one or other dies, which when the Lady ſaw, ſhe ſtrait cried out: O pity, worthy Knight, theſe mortal Wounds. It is a Sight I can no longer bear; be not ſo bloody in revenging me. Upon my Knees, I humbly do intreat thee, for it is to me a terrifying Sight. O! with their Lives thou takeſt mine away. If one more do die, my Soul will faint and leave me. Thou worthily my Honour haſt defended, and haſt enough revenged all my Wrongs.

Lady, ſaid *Guy*, at your Requeſt I ceaſe. Depart, baſe Rascals, all but two be gone. But Villains, ſaid he, to the two remaining, it was you that did this virtuous Lady bind, and thereupon he gave each ſuch a Blow, having his Sword put up within the Scabbard, that to the Ground, they fell immediately. Then riſing from the Ground they thus excuſed it: My Lord, we did it to preſerve her for your Honour's Uſe.

Then on his Steed he let the Lady ride to ſeek her Love whom ſhe diſtreſſed leſt; and *Guy* became her Guide unto the Place, where when they came, they found him dreſs'd already; for in their Abſence there came by a Hermit, which to his Bleeding Wounds did Salve apply. ——— Now *Terrey* and *Oſile* abound in Joy, and gratefully to *Guy* do all Things give. But thou, ſaid they, renown'd in Life and and Death, whom while we live and breathe, we'll always honour.

Nay, here's my Hand, quoth Terrey, *worthy* Guy,
To fight for thee, I will be proud to die.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

How Guy *and* Heraud *travelled with Earl* Terrey, *and hearing his Father was besieged by Duke* Otton, *went to relieve him; and how* Guy *killed Duke* Otton *in single Combat, and raised the Siege.*

THE Light had now surrendered its Dominion, and Darkness ruled in all the lower World, when Earl *Terrey*, *Guy*, and fair *Osile*, wanting a Guide through the unfrequented Woods, heard the affrighting Noise on every Side, of savage Beasts that thirst for human Blood. On every Side a watchful Eye they cast, lest on a sudden they should be surprized. At length they did did espy two armed Men, who listened to those Cries as well as they, each having in his Hand his naked Sword. But as they came nearer, *Guy* quickly knew the one of them was his dear Friend Sir *Heraud*, and the other was as dear a Friend of *Terrey*'s, who by Embracings did their Gladness shew. And when the Earl demanded of his Cousin, What brought him to that lonely desart Place? My Lord, said he, I have unpleasing News, which yet in Duty I am bound to tell: Thy noble Father is at this Time besieged in his strong Castle Duke *Otton*'s Power, who hath protested by a solemn Vow, that he about his Ears will pull it down. And in Revenge that thou hast got his Love, he swears thy Father's Life shall not escape.

His Love, quoth *Terrey*! Speak, my fair *Osile*, acquaint this worthy Man with thy Soul's Thought. Did I persuade thee ever to break thy Faith, or been an Instigator unto aught that is Unrighteous in the Sight of Heaven? Never, said she; thou hast been truly just in all thy Words, and all thy Actions

Actions too: That Wretch indeed, pretended that he loved me, and would have forced my Love away from thee. But to my dying Day I will be thine: Thou shalt enjoy me all the Hours I live; and when I alter this Determination, may I be held accurſed by God and Man.

Spoke like a virtuous Lady, *Guy* replied, be ever conſtant, and thou needeſt not fear: Nothing can lay a Blemiſh on thy Honour, whilſt thou on Love's Foundation firmly ſtandeſt. It is for Love I range the World about, and every Hour expoſe my Life to Dangers; and tho' an unknown Stranger, am Love's Exile. But wherefore, *Terrey*, are thy Looks ſo ſad? Thou haſt thy Love in Perſon to embrace, but mine, alas! is far off as *England*, and for ſome Years I have not ſeen her Face.

My Lord, ſaid *Terrey*, know you not my Grief, and heard this Meſſenger relate the Cauſe? My Father is in Diſtreſs and wants ſome Succour; and I ſhould be a Rebel not to ſympathize with him, making his Trouble a juſt Cauſe of Sorrow.

If that be all, ſaid *Guy* thou art to blame to ſpend ſo much as one poor Sigh thereon. My Name is enough to terrify Duke *Otton*. Let him but hear I come, and he will be gone. Something that paſſed between us is the Reaſon of it: In *France* he felt my Sword, but did not like it. Since that, he laid a Plot againſt my Life, by Villians that ſurprized me in a Wood; which Treachery with Vengeance I repaid: And who ever knew a Traytor's End prove good? A Curſe is always the Concomitant of baſe and wicked Actions, in which the Actors will be ſure to ſuffer, as did *Perillus* firſt in his brazen Bull. I will go with thee to relieve thy Father; for the Oppreſſed I have vowed to right. And Reaſon now does much

much more strongly move it, since mine own Wrongs urge me as well as thine. Therefore with Speed let us hasten to the Place, preventing Mischief e'er it run too far. Take Time by the forelock, for he is bald behind, and Good proves best when it is soonest done. Go then, with Filial Joy, like brave *Æneas*, and fetch thine old *Anchises* out of *Troy*.

Courageous Knight, quoth *Terrey*, thy bold Heart, I do perceive, can with no Fear be daunted: Thou art composed of *Mars*'s Element, and made of powerful Limbs, to manage Arms; my Melancholy thou hast banished quite, and with strong Hope arm'd me instead of it.

This said, in haste away they post themselves, and in a short Time came unto the Castle, where proud Duke *Otton* and all his Forces lay, relying much upon his well-paid Soldiers: But when his Captains of *Guy*'s coming knew, they fled by Night, and never bid farewel. This was Discouragement unto the Soldiers, to find their Captains had deserted them. But yet Duke *Otton* solemnly protested, tho' each Man in the Castle were a *Guy*, he would not basely quit his Enterprize; for tho' Life is dear, said he, yet Honour is dearer.

Terrey (quoth *Guy*) we must not now be tedious: For my Experience oft hath been my Tutor, and taught me, that when an Advantage offer, and gives me an Occasion to begin, the Enemy's own Fear subdues himself, to which our Force being added soon compleats our Victory. We will not make our Prison in this Place, as long as there is Field Room to be got. And since the Duke has no respect for me, 'tis my Desire alone to combat him. But if you will not leave this Castle here, I will leave you all, and go myself alone.

And

And with these Words, *Hraud* and he were going to depart, which, when the Castle Soldiers did perceive, giving a Shout, said they, Thou art our General, and whersoever thou goest we will follow thee: Thy honourable Steps we will not leave, let Fortune use us as she pleases.

Thus, full of Courage, they all march along, giving the Onset, fearless of their Enemies, making those Multitudes that seemed invincible, to fly before their brave victorious Foes, leaving the most Part slaughtered in the Field: But when the Duke beheld his flying Soldiers, Perish, said he, base Villains, here I will die! Where is this *Englishman*, that haunts my Coast, and thus pursueth me from Place to Place? I challenge him to the Army, and meet me Face to Face, that we may have an End of all old Grudges.

Agreed, quoth *Guy*, proud Foe, I give Consent. Repent thy Wrongs, and make thy Conscience clean; for thou hast lived to see thy Honour lost, which worthy Men do hold most dear of all Things. The Noble minded brand that Man with Shame that lets his Name and Honour die before him. Then they towards each other did approach, and with great Violence their Launces broke; which being done they took their Swords in Hand, and fought until they had spent great store of Blood; for Envy did the Duke's keen Weapon whet, and on *Guy*'s Sword Revenge did set an Edge. At length, through Loss of Blood, the Duke fell down, and dying, cried, Farewel, vain World, Farewel, By Fortune's angry Frown I am betrayed, by sad Experience now, I tell the World there is nothing constant that the Earth contains; Death brings the proudest Monarchs to their Grave, and lays them level with the humblest Swain.

Swain. Bewitching Vanities seduce and blind us; and Greatness only tends to make us proud, making our sad Catastrophe the greater. There is no Peace like a happy Ending: My dying Hour yields more repenting Grace, than in my Life I ever could attain to. His immortal Soul did with these Words depart, and left the breathless Body where it dwelt, while woeful Passions did *Guy*'s Heart afflict, now wishing *Otton* were again alive; (for true Humility still shows Compassion, to see the afflicted over-borne with Woes) *Guy* sheathed his Sword, and said, Remain thou there until on *England*'s happy Shore I land. For Love of *Phælice* I will shed no more Blood; I have from her been too long away; I will return my Wages to receive.

Then mourning over poor Duke *Otton*'s Fate, he gave his breathless Body to his Friends; and then he to the Castle back returned, accompanied by *Heraud* his true Friend; where with great Joy they were received of all, especially by *Terrey* and *Osile*, and the old Earl their Father, as those that had by much the greater Interest in what *Guy*'s martial Prowess had atchieved. But after he had staid two Days to rest himself, being almost tired with their extream Kindness, *Heraud* and he took Leave, and so departed, carrying their Prayers and their good Wishes with them.

Thus to be doing good, was still Guy*'s Lot;*
Others the Profit, He the Honour got.
Where e'er he came, he set the Oppressed free,
And to the Prisoners he gave Liberty:
But was the Scourge of wicked Tyrants still,
Not sparing those whom he found doing ill.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

How Guy *and* Heraud, *after having parted from Earl* Terrey, *met with a monſtrous Boar, which* Guy *killed: How he was entertained by the Dukes of* Lovain *and* Lorrain, *and afterwards returned into* England: *How he killed a dreadful Dragon in* Northumberland, *and of the Honour done him by the King, and his Reception by fair* Phælice.

GUY and his Friend having thus taken their Leave of *Terrey* and the fair *Oſila*, as we have already ſaid, bending their Courſe toward their native Land, reſolved to ſee Duke *Lovain* in their Way. But as they rode through a deſart Place dark and obſcured by the thick ſhady Trees, which hardly would admit the Sun to enter; they on a ſudden met the hugeſt Boar that ever mortal Eyes had yet beheld: Altho' (ſaid *Guy* to

Heraud) I intended to draw my Sword no more till I saw *England*, and laid it down at my fair *Phælice*'s Feet, yet such a Monster is sufficient Warrant to draw it once again, lest it should live to be a Plague to all the Country near it. And therefore private keep thyself at a distance, and give me Leave to encounter it alone This said, away went *Guy*, and met the Boar, as he was hastening to him full of Rage, which *Guy* perceiving, stood upon his Guard, that so he might avoid his dreadful Tusks; then on his Swinish Head so hard he laid, that dead he left him who had many slain, for from that Wood scarce any Man came back, which was the Cause it was so unfrequented. The Monster being dead, *Guy* cut his Head off (huge as it was) and put it on his Spear, and carried it unto Duke *Lovain*'s Court. The very Monster's Head appeared so terrible it frighted People as they rode along, altho' they then were sure it could not hurt them.

Guy being come into Duke *Lovain*'s Court, did there present him with the Monster's Head, which had destroyed so many of his Subjects.

Guy, said the Duke, I have had large Experience of your great Kindness and your Love to me: And this last valiant Act that you have done in killing this prodigious monstrous Boar, which has of late made such exceeding Havock of my Subjects, and of all Passengers that came that Way, surpasses all the rest, and makes me still much more indebted to you. But to declare the Welcome that he gave him with all his warlike Trumpets, Drums, and Clarions, and all his Nobles coming to congratulate *Guy*'s safe Return, with all the Entertainments that were made for him; and how the Duke of *Lorrain* too came thither, on Notice given of *Guy*'s Arrival there,

that

that so he might embrace that matchless Man of whom Fame had such wondrous Things declared; I say, should I relate all this at large, it would swell this little Book into a Volume. Suffice it therefore here to let you know, *Guy* so much longed to be with his fair *Phælice*, that he was weary of the Honours done him, and begged they would let him now return for *England*; which, after having treated him ten Days, they did consent to, and forthwith ordered one of their best Ships to be new rigged, and fitted up, for *Guy* to sail to *England* in; and then accompanying him to the Sea-side, Go, said the Duke, and prosper, thou brave *Englishman*, the most renowned Worthy of the World: Thrice happy is the Land that gave thee Birth, and much more happy is thy fairest *Phælice*, who must embrace the Hero in her Arms: May Victory attend upon thy Side, and may thy Brows be with fresh Laurels crowned.

Guy having given him his hearty Thanks for all the unreserved Honours paid him, straight hoisted Sail, and having a fair Wind, in four Days Time arrived on *English* Ground; the Noise of which soon reached King *Athelstan*, who then at *York* his Royal Palace kept: Thither (being commanded by the King) he forthwith went to pay his Duty and Allegiance to him. The King received them (for *Heraud* was with *Guy* where-ever he went) with so much Joy and Goodness, that nothing could be more; welcoming them with such kind Words as these:

Welcome to me, Renowned, Martial Man; my Princely Love upon you I bestow; I in your fortunate Success rejoice, for Fame has loudly told us all your Story. *Guy* thou hast laid a heavy Hand, I hear, on Pagan Infidels, and with

thy Sword haſt ſent them Home to the dark Vaults of Unbelievers dwell. Devouring Beaſts thou alſo haſt deſtroyed, which have the Terror been of human Creatures: Yet worthy Man I think thou never didſt ſlay of all thoſe Monſters terrible and wild, a Creature that is more cruel, than there is one that at this Day deſtroys whatever he meets, no farther off than is *Northumberland*, which is a dreadful Dragon that haunts there. I ſpeak not this to animate thee on, and hazard thy Life at ſetting Foot on Shore; for diverſe have endeavoured to deſtroy this wicked Beaſt, and periſhed in the Attempt. No, *Guy*, I ſpeak only to ſhew thy Happineſs, which has exceeded that of other Men, by freeing of them from their Fear and Dangers.

Dread Lord, ſaid *Guy*, as I am an *Engliſh* Knight, faithful to God and loyal to my King, I am reſolved to go and ſee this Dragon, and try whether my Sword cannot work upon him; for I already have a Dragon killed, with whom a Lion firſt I found engaged, and whom he alſo had like to have overcome; but Heaven my Arm ſo ſtrengthned, that I ſoon overcame his Power, and ſo I will do this: Then taking his humble Leave, away he rides unto *Northumberland* to find the Dragon, having a Dozen Knights to be his Guides, who brought him where the Dragon kept his Den, feaſting himſelf with nought but human Fleſh: Now it is enough, ſaid *Guy*, do you ſtand off, and give me Leave to find this *Hydra*'s Head. He that has fed ſo much on human Fleſh ſhall never more devour a Man again. But, Gentlemen, if here you pleaſe to ſtay, you of our Battle may Spectators be.

Then going to the Cave, the Dragon 'ſpyed him, and forth he ſtarts with lofty ſpeckled Breaſt,

Breaſt, of Form moſt dreadful; which when *Guy* beheld, into its Reſt he forthwith puts his Launce, then ſpurs his Horſe, and to the Dragon makes, encountering each the other with ſuch Fury, as ſhaked the very Ground under them. Then *Guy* recedes, and turns about his Horſe, and comes upon him with redoubled Might. The Dragon meets him with reſiſtleſs Force, and like a Reed bit his ſtrong Launce in two. Nay, then, ſaid *Guy*, if you are good at biting, I have a Tool to pick your Teeth withal: and

drew his never failing flaming Sword, and on him fell, with furious Blows ſo fierce, that many wide and bloody Wounds he made. At which the Dragon yawned like Hell's wide Mouth, roaring aloud with a moſt hideous Noiſe, and with his Claws he rent and tore the Ground. Impatient of the Smart he underwent, he with his Wings would raiſe his Body up, but *Guy* with a bold Stroke, ſo cooled his Courage, that to

diſtend his Wings he wanted Strength, and with a few Strokes more, *Guy* brought him down upon the Ground, all wallowing in his Blood, and from his Mouth a fiery Flake proceeded, whilſt *Guy* with all his Might was ſevering his monſtrous Head from his more monſtrous Body; which when he had done, Now, bloody Fiend, ſaid he, thou haſt thy deſerved Recompence, for all the human Blood which thou haſt ſhed. And now upon this broken Piece of Spear, unto the King I will bear thy monſtrous Head, which will by him, I am ſure, be well accepted.

The joyful Knights then went and took a View of that ſame fearful Creature without Fear, which was indeed of ſtrange and ugly Hue all all wondering how it was poſſible to eſcape thoſe Teeth and Claws ſo dreadful ſharp and long. And when they had fix'd the Head upon a Spear, and took Meaſure of the Body's Length, unto the King (who had remov'd his Court from *York* to *Lincoln*) they repair with Speed, where he with ſome Impatience waited their Return; who in his Arms embraced the warlike *Guy* congragratulating him on his Victory: Then looking on the Dragon's fearful Head, Heaven ſhield, ſaid he, and ſave me from all Harm! Why, here is a Face may well outface the Devil. What ſtaring Eyes of burning Glaſs be theſe, that might (alive) two flaming Beacons ſeem! What Scales of Harneſs arm the crooked Noſe! and Teeth more ſtrong and ſharp than thoſe of Steel! And alſo that gaping Mouth and forked Tongue, may even dead, make all the living fear, but more rejoice that thou haſt overcome it——Victorious Knight, thy Actions we admire, and place thee highly in our Royal Favour: Throughout the ſpacious Orb thy Fame ſhall ſpread, more lofty

ty than the *Primum Mobile.* To the ſucceeding Ages of the World thy Victories ſhall be tranſmitted down, for I will have the Monſter's Picture drawn on Cloth of Arras, curiouſly wrought, which I in *Warwick* Caſtle will have placed, there to remain, and tell to After-Ages, that worthy *Guy*, a Man of matchleſs Strength, and equal Courage, deſtroyed a Dragon Thirty Foot in Length. And on this Caſtle Wall we will place his Head there to remain till Length of Time conſume it. And Nobles all, make a triumphant Feſtival, and give our Knight the Honour that he merits.

While thus at *Lincoln Guy* was entertained, and feaſted by the King in Royal Manner, he one Day took an Opportunity to tell the King the Cauſe of his Adventures, and that he did it for the Love of *Phælice*, Earl *Roband*'s only Daughter, and then beſought his Royal Majeſty to intercede for him unto the Earl, who yet knew nothing of their Loves; and that he would give Conſent unto their Marriage.

The King aſſur'd him, that he would not only uſe his Intereſt with the Earl her Father, to obtain his Conſent, but would himſelf honour their Nuptials with his Royal Preſence; with which *Guy* was well pleaſed, and humbly thanked his Majeſty.

Now all *Guy*'s Thoughts were taken up with *Phælice*, to whom he was preparing to be gone; but *Phælice* hearing that he was at *Lincoln*, and how he had been in *Northumberland*, and killed a Dragon there, began to be impatient at his Stay. And thereupon ſhe came herſelf to *Lincoln*, and happily ſurpriz'd her *Guy*, as he was ready to depart for *Warwick*: With *Juno*'s kind Embrace and *Venus*'s Kiſs, *Phælice* embrac'd her long expected

pected Lover; and *Guy* return'd it with that Eagerneſs, which in the Wars of *Mars* he us'd to ſhew, glad that he now has *Phælice* in his Arms: But after the firſt Tranſports were a little over, *Phælice*, to chide her Lover, thus begins: Forgetful Love, and too, too ſlow ſaid ſhe, I fear thou didſt not mind thy kind Friend: What! ſeek a Dragon, e'er thou look'ſt for me! and hazard Life, yet neither come nor ſend to know if I remain'd in happy State. Some jealous Woman would, perhaps, ſuppoſe ſhe had been ſlighted, but I have no ſuch Thoughts; not but I wiſh, I muſt confeſs indeed, I had been the firſt that thou haſt ſeen on Shore; but thou art welcome to thy *Phælice* now, and ſhalt no more unto the Wars go forth, but lie within my peaceful Arms at Home. No, thou haſt fought, my Dear, too much already. For War's ſtern Face has ſtole thy Smiles away; but Love ſhall change thy Countenance again, and make thy Looks ſuch as I ſaw them firſt, when I firſt choſe, and gave my Heart to thee.

Ah *Phælice*! *Guy* replied to her again; What Toils have I gone through for Love of thee! and canſt thou doubt that ever *Guy* ſhould ſlight thee? No, firſt the Sun ſhall ceaſe to give us Light, and all the Stars ſhall leave their ſhining Orbs, before one Thought ſhall wander from my *Phælice*. I have learnt the Art of War enough already, now in Love's School I will take new Leſſons out, and doubt not but to be a good Proficient in that more eaſy and delightful Exerciſe; I have already made a Friend my *Phælice*, whoſe powerful Interceſſion to thy Father, ſhall gain me his conſent to marry thee; and when I tell thee it is the King himſelf, I doubt not but you will be of my Opinion.

His

His Interceſſion, *Phælice* then replied, will be, no doubt, effectual with my Father; but I believe your Merits are ſo great, you will have no need of any Interceſſor; for I am ſure my Father ſpeaks of you, as one for whom he has the utmoſt Value.

Why then ſaid *Guy*, and ſmiled, let us to *Warwick*, a Place I love the beſt in all the World, becauſe it is the Place that brought up thee, and there I firſt was with thy Beauty bleſt. I love the Caſtle and the Caſtle Ground, for there my *Phælice*, thy Face I firſt ſaw. Let us haſte, my Love, to that delightful Seat, and ſeal thoſe Vows we have to each other made; I long, methinks, at Church to ſay theſe Words, *I* Guy *take* Phælice, *to my wedded Wife*; and to hear immediate Reply, *And I take* Guy *to be my wedded Huſband.*

To which, *Phælice*, with an Air that ſhewed how well ſhe was pleas'd, made Reply:

Tho' now our Satisfaction's very great,
Yet until then our Joys can't be compleat;
There's Pleaſure in the Ways that to it tend,
But Hymen's *Joys muſt always crown the End.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

How Guy *and* Phælice *were married, with an Account of their splendid Wedding: How* Guy *soon after vowed a Pilgrimage, and travelled into the Holy Land, &c.*

GUY and fair *Phælice* having both agreed with Speed to consummate their mutual Joys, and tye that Knot at *Hymen*'s sacred Temple that only Death can loose, first went to wait upon the King and Queen, and humbly to invite them to their Wedding, which they agreed on such a Day: then took their Leaves, and thence repair'd to *Warwick*.

Earl *Roband* had receiv'd Letters from the King, letting him know that *Guy* was then in *England*; and that for Love of his fair beauteous Daughter, he had undertook the dreadful Toils of War; and was coming now to *Warwick* to ask his Consent, and then to celebrate his Nuptials there. Earl *Roband*, overjoy'd at this good News immediately went forth to meet his new-elected Son in law.

Guy, seeing that the Earl was coming towards him, alighted from his Horse, and low on the Ground he bowed himself, but the good Earl soon rais'd him with his Hand and tenderly embrac'd him in his Arms, with all the Expressions of true Love and Friendship. *Guy* then inform'd him of his Love to *Phælice*, begging his Pardon for his great Presumption, and humbly asking his Consent to marry her: To whom Earl *Roband* made this kind Reply: My Daughter, worthy *Guy*, I freely give thee, nor is there any

Thing

Thing on this side Heaven, I have more desir'd, than such a Husband for her; that when in the Annals of succeeding Ages, thy wondrous Story shall at large be told, my Daughter may be mentioned as thy Wife, and that Earl *Rohand* also was thy Father; and that from these and from my Daughter *Phælice*, so numerous an Issue may proceed, as may in Time fill all the World with Heroes. *Guy* humbly thanked him for his Consent, and told him, the greatest Honour he could boast of, was to have such an Earl to be his Father, and such a Lady for his Wife as *Phælice*.

Then *Phælice* being called, was asked If she was willing to have *Guy* to be her Husband? Who with a Virgin Blush declared her Satisfaction. The next Thing now, was the happy Day in which their Nuptials were to be consummated.

And now the long expected Day is come, in which these Lovers must compleat their Happiness; and all the Honours *Hymen* can dispence, he freely gives to grace the Wedding feast; for Royal *Athelstan* and his fair Queen, to grace this Nuptial in their Pomp appeared: The Nobles likewise, in their richest Robes, with worthy Knights and Gentlemen, besides Ladies of Honour strive to outvie each other, in honouring valiant *Guy* and his fair Bride: There wanted nothing that could be procured to please the Eye, or to content the Mind: Masks, Midnight Revels, Tilts and Tournaments, with stately Shows, and acting ancient Stories, and Banquets proper for such Royal Guests. The Tables were with great Plenty stored, that neither Fish nor Flesh were wanting; and Bowls of Nectar crowned their Entertainment. Nor was the choicest Music wanting there; while Healths were drank to the fair Bride.

Ten

Ten Days this Wedding Feaſt was celebrated, and the Country round the better for it, for good Earl *Roband* never forgot the Poor, and then the King and Queen wiſhing all Health and Happineſs to the new married Couple, and the good Earl, that had ſo nobly treated them, returned again to *Lincoln*.

But as our Lives are made of Checquer-work, and Joy and Mourning take their ſeveral Turns, ſo this great Joy was quickly after ſhadowed with a Black Cloud of Sorrow; for hardly had the inconſtant Queen of Night took her nocturnal Ramble thro' the Heavens (which Journey uſually ſhe makes in eight and twenty Days, or thereabouts) but good Earl *Roband* (*Phœlice*'s worthy Father) reſigns this Life for Immortality, and

ants

unto *Guy* bequeaths his whole Estate; which filled them both with an unutter'd Grief, in losing both a Father and a Friend: By his Death, *Guy* became Earl of *Warwick*, confirmed therein by Royal *Athelstan*; and all his Lands and Lordships now are his, and he declared a Nobleman of *England*.

But, ah! how small a Satisfaction is it that all the Honours of the World can give us? For now Earl *Guy*, reflecting on past Actions, can find no Comfort in the sad Reflection: He sees those Things that gave him his Renown, were vain and wicked in the Sight of Heaven. Oft would he sit and meditate alone, on those vain Steps that his rash Youth had trod; then to himself with Groans and grievous Sighs, would he cry out, O pardon me just Heaven! I have done nothing yet thy Grace to purchase, but spent my Time about a Woman's Face; for Beauty I have shed a World of Blood, hating all others for one mortal Creature. How many Days have I waited for a Wife, but for my Sins never spent one weeping Hour! It is now high Time Repentance to begin; henceforth the Remnant of my Days I will spend in contrite Sorrow for my former Sins, that Heaven may pardon all the erring Ways whereby fond Flesh and Blood deceived me. Unto the World I will now go learn to die, let me be censured for it as Men list; I will please my Maker in whatever I can: Ambitious Pride hath been my Youth's Disease: I will teach Age Meekness e'er my Glass be run, and bid Farewel to Honour, Wealth, and Beauty; I will go through Hell itself to purchase Heaven.

Phælice perceiving he was melancholy, unto him came, and with him thus discoursed: My dearest Lord, why are you so changed of late?

Let me, as in your Joys I ſhare, ſo likewiſe in your Sorrows bear a Part. If I have in any Thing offended you, let me know it, and I will inſtantly confeſs my Fault, and make you Satisfaction.

No, my dear Love, ſaid *Guy*, it is not with thee, it is with myſelf that I am diſcontented. By the Light of Grace, I ſee the Faults of Nature; I am dead in Sin, although I ſeem alive. *Phælice*, my Sins, my countleſs Sins appear; crying, Repent and clear thy guilty Conſcience, I muſt deal with thee, as *Bavarus* (a Prince of *Rome*) dealt with *Sygunda* his Wife, who from a deep Impreſſion that he felt, ſolemnly vowed perpetual Chaſtity. Intreating thee, even as thou loveſt my Soul, not to diſſuade me from what I have done. Haſt thou not heard what *Ethelfride* did (a Chriſtian Woman) ſometime *England*'s Queen, who once with Child, did from her Huſband's Bed abſent herſelf for ever? And can'ſt not thou the *Phœnix* of the Realm, by Imitation win immortal Praiſe, leaving thy pure and ſpotleſs Chaſtity to be admired by ſucceeding Ages? I know thou can'ſt, thy greater part is divine, and will thy Soul's Advantage much prefer. Thou didſt procure, altho' I did excuſe it, my Pride by Conqueſts to obtain thy Love. Heaven gave me Valour, but I did abuſe it; my Heart and Thoughts were too much elevated: I thought the Crowns of Kings were Things inferior, and hardly worth accepting: But now I all ſuch Follies do contemn, reſolving to become another Man, and travel for the Welfare of my Soul; not as before, upon my Horſe in Armour, but in a Gown of Grey, a Palmer's Weed, obſcure my Journey; for no Leave I will take, but only leave my endleſs Love to thee: Here is my Ring, receive this ſmall Memorial, and wear the ſame,

to make thee think on me: Let me have thine, which for thy Sake I will keep, till with his cold Hand Death ſhall cloſe my Eyes.

When *Phælice* heard this ſtrange ſurpriſing Tale, judge, you that can, how much ſhe wrung her Hands, how much ſhe ſighed, how many Tears ſhe ſhed, yet wondrous meekly, contradicting nothing: For the Devotion of that Age was ſuch, thoſe were thought bleſſed who retired themſelves, and whined away their Days in Solitude, leaving the World, and its bewitching Vanities.

And now he throws away his Princely Cloathing, wherein he glittered with almoſt that Splendour wherein the Noon-day Sun to us appears; Now his beſt Habit was a home ſpun Grey, ſuch as employ the poor plain Country People: A Staff, a Scrip, and in his Hat a Scallop ſhell, not to be known, nor in the leaſt admired: And thus with penſive Heart and doleful Tears, he leaves ſweet *England*, and his faireſt *Phælice*, who in her Face a Map of Sorrow wears: All ſad and mournful was her Countenance, for ſhe to all Delight had bid Farewell, ſince ſhe from her beloved Lord was parted thus.

Guy journeys on towards the Holy Land, where once *Jeruſalem*'s fair City ſtood in which our Saviour's Head was crowned with Thorns, without whoſe Gate he ſhed for us his Blood: To ſee his Sepulchre was his Deſign, the Tomb that *Joſeph* unto *Jeſus* lent; with tedious Miles he tired his weary Feet, and through vaſt Deſarts paſſed a Thouſand Dangers. And, whilſt he thus purſuing was his Way, he happened to meet with a moſt woeful Wight, a Man that was no Stranger unto Sorrow, for he had Fifteen Sons that were all Captives in ſaviſh Bondage, and the extreameſt Miſery, kept by a mercileſs and mon-

strous Giant: Which pressed their wretched Father with that Grief, that he was almost worn away to nothing; and being past all Hope to find Relief, thus to himself bewailed his sad Condition.

Unhappy Man, yea, thrice unhappy I, who court in vain the last Remedy; In vain I seek for Death, which flies me still, tho' nothing else can ease the Woes I feel! Ah! cruel Tyrant, that of all my Sons couldest not afford me one to comfort me, and with his Hand to close my dying Eyes! But out, alas! were they but happy there, I cared not, tho' I never saw them more! But Oh, to think upon their Miseries pierces my Heart more than a Thousand Swords! and that which pierces deepest to my Heart, is this one Thought, there they must still remain, and suffer without hope of Remedy: This cutting Thought is more than I can bear, and therefore thus I'll end my wretched Life. And as he spoke these Words, he drew his Sword, with an Intent to sheath it in his Bowels But *Guy*, that listened to his sad Complaint, stept in in Time, and happily prevented him. Hold, Father, said he, yield not to Despair; for you may live to see your Sons at Liberty: I have heard your sad Complaint, and Heaven has sent me just in the Nick of Time to right your Wrongs.

The melancholy Man was much surprised to see a Stranger in that lonely Place; then looking stedfastly upon him, said, Alas, poor Pilgrim, I am beholden to thee, that to allay my cruel Miseries would'st flatter me to hope, wherein there is no Room for it: My Wrongs are grown so great, they are past righting; and Death alone is that which must relieve me. O say not so, said *Guy*, tho' I am a Pilgrim, thou do'st not know the Strength that is in these Arms; especially when

Heaven

Heaven invigorates them to fight in a juſt Cauſe. Let me but know where thy Sons are in Captivity, and leave the reſt to me.

Know then, kind Pilgrim, ſaid the unhappy Man, ſince you have a Mind to underſtand my Miſery, that in yon Caſtle, made impregnable as well by Art as Nature, there dwells one *Amarat*, of monſtrous Size, that is from the Race of ancient Giants ſprung, who does ſupport his great and bulky Carcaſs only by feeding upon human Fleſh; and therefore ſeizes all that paſs theſe Woods, and dead or living, bears them hence into that curſed Shambles of Deſtruction; making no Difference of either Sex, but this, that with Women he ſatisfies his Luſt, and with the Men his Hunger. My only Daughter, unadviſedly, as her ill Fortune ſure enough would have it, paſſing this Way, was taken by the Monſter: This ſtirred the Anger of my Fifteen Sons, who were reſolved to reſcue their poor Siſter, but in the vain Attempt were taken Priſoners; yet, for their Siſter's Sake, their Lives are ſpared, tho' they endure a Thouſand Deaths for one.

Your Caſe, ſaid *Guy*, is ſad, and I muſt pity you; but I am reſolved to try what I can do, if you will but truſt me with your Sword and Armour, to kill the Tyrant, and redeem your Children.

Moſt willingly, replied the hopeleſs Man, would I contribute unto their Releaſe, but am afraid you will rather fall yourſelf into the Tyrant's Clutches, than redeem thoſe that are there already; but however, my Sword and Armour at your Service are; and may you meet with the Succeſs that is anſwerable to your matchleſs Courage: Well, ſaid *Guy* to him, ſtay you and pray, and doubt not my Succeſs againſt the Tyrant.

Guy hereupon went up ſtraight to the Caſtle,

his Thoughts being employ'd to think what Way he had beſt take to get the Tyrant out; not doubting then but to overcome him eaſily So going to the Gate, he knock'd thereat like one that would come in, and had ſome Buſineſs of great Conſequence: The Giant never was rouz'd before, for at his Gate none uſed to knock ſo hard: He therefore takes his Club and Keys, and opening the Gate goes out, ſtaring about with watchful Countenance: Then ſeeing *Guy*, thus with Diſdain and Anger he addreſſes him: Sirrah, ſaid he, what Buſineſs have you here? Have you a Mind to feaſt the Crows, and have your Quarters hang upon theſe Walls? For what elſe is it that you can expect? You might have heard, that there is no Ranſom here, for any one that falls into my Clutches, but if you are ignorant, and know it not, this Club that's in my Hand ſhall teach you better.

Guy, nothing daunted with his Bugbear Words replied again, Why, how now! are you quarrelſome? You ſeem to be a very cholerick Perſon: But I have a Weapon here ſhall match your Club, and quickly bring you to a better Temper. And ſo expecting no Return again, he draws his Sword and with the ſame ſaluſes him about the Head, the Shoulders, and Sides, whilſt his erected Club did Death proclaim; ſtriding like a Coloſſus over the *Helleſpont*, but on the Ground in vain he ſpent his Strokes; for *Guy* was much too nimble for him ſtill; for before he could heave his Club again, *Guy* would be ſure to give him the other Stroke; for *Guy* for that Advantage always watched: At length, through Thirſt, the Giant feeble grew, and ſaid to *Guy*, As thou art of human Kind, give Leave that Nature's Wants may be ſupplied, and let me go and drink in yonder Place:

Place: Thou can'ſt not yield to a Requeſt more ſmall, than to grant Life a Draught of poor cold Water. I grant thee Leave, quoth *Guy*; Go, drink thy Fill, pledge both the Savage Boar and the Dragon too; but never think again to drink cold Water. Think, when thou drinkeſt that now thou drinkeſt thy laſt. So to the Spring he goes, and there as Thirſt he quenches with almoſt a Tun of Water. *Guy* was amazed to ſee him drink ſo much, and to the Combat haſtens him again: Come, come, ſaid he, thou art long about thy Liquor, thou wilt wrong the Fiſh that in the River ſwim; but I will ſee they ſhall have Satisfaction, for with thy Blood their Wants ſhall be ſupplied. Villain, quoth *Amarat*, (for that is the Name by which this monſtrous Giant muſt be called) I cruſh thee

in an Inſtant: thy Life ſhall pay thy daring Tongue's offence; this Club (which is about an hundred Weight) ſhall my Commiſſion be to ſend thee packing: For Ravens Diet thou ſhalt ſoon be

be dreſſed; I'll break thy Bones, as tho' they were but Reeds. Incenſed much by this bold Pagan's Brags, which worthy *Guy* no longer could endure, he ſpends his Blows on thoſe ſupporting Poſts, which like to Columns did his Body bear. The Giant for thoſe Wounds in Choler grew, and deſperately at *Guy* he threw his Club, which did directly light upon his Body, and threw him by its Weight upon the Ground; and e'er *Guy* could recover from his Fall, the Giant got his Club again in his Firſt, and ſtruck at *Guy* another deſperate Blow; but miſſing *Guy*, ſtuck it faſt into the Ground. Traytor, quoth *Guy*, thy Falſhood I will repay; this Act, baſely to ſpill my Blood: Says *Amarat*, Againſt an Enemy there is nothing baſe: I will murder any Way; could I but Poiſon into thy Noſtrils blow, thou ſoon ſhouldeſt ſee I would diſpatch thee by it. 'Tis well, ſaid *Guy*, thou open'ſt thy black Thoughts; thy beaſtly Bulk is ſure the Dwelling of the Devils. They are thy Tenants whilſt thou liveſt here, but when thou com'ſt to Hell, they will be thy Landlords. Vile Miſcreant, prepare thee for that Place, the juſt Reward of ſuch inhuman Monſters. But breathe thyſelf a Time, while I go drink, for flaming *Phœbus*, with his fiery Eye, torments me ſo with Heat, that I believe my Thirſt could ſcarce be quenched with an Ocean. Thou knoweſt, to thee I granted the ſame Kindneſs: quoth *Amarat*, Thou haſt no Fool of me; no, ſilly Wretch, I have more Wit than ſo: By all my Gods, I do rejoice to find that Thirſt conſtrains thee now; for all the Treaſure that the World can boaſt of one Drop of Water ſhall not cool thy Veins. Relieve my Foe! and unto my own Wrong refreſh my Adverſary! why this would be a Mad-man's Part indeed!

indeed! if thou imagineſt this thou art a Child. No, Fellow, I have known the World too long to be ſo ſimple; now I know thy Wants. I will not grant one Minute's Space of Breathing: And with theſe Words, heaving aloft his Club, into the Air he ſwings the ſame about; then rubs his Temples, and his Locks doth ſhake, and like the *Cyclops*, in his Pride he ſtruts: Sirrah, ſaid he, I heave a Liſt to you, and the next Blow I ſtrike, you will breathe your laſt; for with this Stroke you ſhall for ever periſh. Take thou no Care for Drink, for never more a Draught of Water ſhall come near thy Lips, but with thy Blood I will ſoon carouſe full merry: Here's at thee with a Butcher's downright Blow, for it is thy Blood that muſt aſſuage my Fury.

Infernal, falſe, obdurate Fiend, ſaid *Guy*, thou ſeemeſt an Imp of Cruelty from Hell: Ungrateful Monſter, ſince thou haſt denied that Thing to me wherein I muſt uſe well, I will with my Sword take the more deep Revenge on thy accurſed Head, and quickly make thee ſhorter by ſo much. Now, Thirſt, Farwel, I do diſdain to drink, and therefore let the River keep its Water, or let wild Beaſts be welcome thereunto, for with its Pearly Drops I will not meddle. Now, Tyrant, know, thy latter Hour is come. For though perhaps you'll take the Greeting ill, yet it is with a good Will I give it you; and thereupon he gave him ſuch a Blow, as made the Monſter tumble on the Ground. Then *Guy* ſet his Foot upon the Monſter's Breaſt, and from his Shoulders did his Head divide, which with a yawning Mouth did widely gape; no Dragon's Jaws were ever larger ſeen to open and to ſhut till Life was gone. And then *Guy* took Poſſeſſion of the Keys, and with them open'd all the Caſtle Gates;

Gates; where many woeful Captives he set free, that had been long in Misery confined, and had been tortured with great Cruelties: And when he of their Miseries enquired, each told a Tale which from his Eyes drew Tears, and which they could not tell without sad Sighs, at the Remembrance of their barbarous Usage. There tender Ladies in dark Dungeons lay, that in this defart Wood had been surprized; and every Day no other Diet had, than Flesh of human Creatures for their Food: Some with their Lovers Bodies had been fed, burying their Husbands Bodies in their Wombs.

Now *Guy* bethinks him of the oppressed Knight, with whom he left his Pilgrim's Gown and Staff, and of his captive Sons imprisoned there; and blames himself that first of all he had not reliev'd the wronged Brethren from their Woes: Then on he goes, and as he searched about, he grievous Cries and Lamentations heard, which as a Clue, led him to the fatal Place; where finding an obscure and darksome Gate, all strongly cover'd over with Plates of Iron, he looked amongst his Keys, and there found one that soon unlocked, and gave him Entrance there. He was no sooner enter'd, but he beheld the strangest Sights that ever his Eyes had seen: Men that had there by slow Degrees been famished, and could but just be said to be alive, looking like Pictures which the Painters draw, when to our Eyes they Death wou'd represent: Of these some by the Thumbs were hanged up, some by the Hee's, and others by the Middle. With Diligence he takes them from the Walls, telling them, they were now at Liberty; which happy Sound reviv'd their drooping Spirits. Then *Guy* to the perplexed Knight their Father repairs, and tells him what Success he

he had againſt the inhuman Keeper of that Caſtle; then bids him come, and there receive his Sons: Though poor and faint, ſaid *Guy*, yet they are alive; accept of that and ſeek to nouriſh them. The Father's Joy was ſcarce to be expreſſ'd; but when he ſaw what Skeletons they were, how like the living Images of Death, he ſcarce had Strength to outlive that wretched Sight. And the glad Sons, ſeeing themſelves at Liberty, and their poor aged Father ſtill alive, were at a loſs how to expreſs their Thanks to him that had ſo generouſly deliver'd them.

Guy then unto their Father gave the Keys, ſaying, This Caſtle do I give to thee, where Tyranny has dwelt ſo many Years; let it be now a Place where pious Pilgrims, and weary Travellers may find Refreſhment. Thoſe tender Ladies, that were Priſoners here, let them be ſent away with Eaſe and Safety, where they deſire, when they have Strength to travel; and always ſee you uſe wronged Women well. Men may revenge the Wrongs that they receive, but Women have no Strength to right themſelves.

The good old Knight, ſurpriz'd with Joy and Wonder, fell on the Ground, and would have kiſſed *Guy*'s Feet. Father, ſaid *Guy*, I pray forbear this Homage; no Honour is due to me for what I have done; it was a ſtronger Arm than mine that did it, and unto him let all the Praiſe be given. And now, I pray exchange with me again; take you your Coat of Mail and your ſtrong Sword; give me my Staff, and my poor Palmer's Weed, for to the Holy Land my Courſe is bent.

Ambitious Pride hath hurt me all it can,
And now I'll mortify a ſinful Man.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

How Guy's *Departure out of* England *is taken; how he employed his Time in his Pilgrimage; how* Phælice *ſpent her Time in his Abſence; and how, in his Return he routed* Amanthus's *Army, and reſtored his old Friend, Earl* Terrey, *to his Lordſhips: and afterwards returned into* England *unknown.*

HOW *Guy* turned Pilgrim, we before have told; but now it will be neceſſary to ſay ſomething of what was ſaid, both by the King and the Nobility, of his ſo ſtrange and ſudden a Departure; which was no ſooner known at Court, but both the King and the Nobility were ſtruck with Admiration, that *Guy* who had ſo famous been for Deeds of Chivalry, and had perform'd ſo many mighty Acts, all for Love of *Phælice*, ſhould ſo ſoon leave his fair and beauteous Spouſe for a toilſome, ſolitary Life: Yet was his Piety commended highly, who ſet a greater Value on his Soul, which by Repentance he had refined from Sin, than upon all the Honour he had won, or glittering Treaſure that he was poſſeſſed of.

Now let us look on *Guy*, the Man that ſought to find out Quarrels for his Recreation; who for his *Phælice* ranged the World about, delighting moſt in Combats and Alarms: But he from his former Mind eſtranged, ſhuns all Occaſions that may cauſe Debate. In his own Wrongs he vowed no Blow to ſtrike; nor Injury, nor Abuſe ſhould force him to it; for he his natural Temper hath ſubdued, and taken Patience by the Hand for his Guide, to lead his Thoughts where Meekneſs keeps her Reſidence. No worldly Joys can

give

gives his Mind Content: Delights are gone, as though they never had been, and to repent is now his only Care, for ſpending of his Youth in ſerving Sin; in contrite Sorrow now he will paſs his Age, that little Time to come, which Life ſhall borrow. Sad were his Looks, and pale was his Complection, his Diet of the meaneſt, hard and ſpare: Like a Religious Man he led his Life, in a poor homely thin and threadbear Habit; his Dignities and Honours were forgotten, nor did he the *Warwick* Earldom now regard. Sometimes he would go and ſearch into a Grave, and there would find a rotten dead Man's Scull; and with the ſame would find a Conference, examining at large each Vanity: And then himſelf would anſwer for the Head, as if the Dead Man anſwered for himſelf. If thou haſt been a Monarch, where is thy Crown? Or, who now ſtands in fear of thy ſtern Looks? Death hath of my Renown a Conqueſt made, my golden Sceptre he has taken from me, and now it is wielded by another Hand; and I am now become ſo poor a Thing, my pooreſt Subjects envy not my Place. Perhaps thou haſt been ſome Counſellor of State, whoſe potent Wit a mighty Reaſon did rule; where is the Policy of late thou had'ſt? Conſumed and gone, like to an idle Dream! I have not ſo much Wit as will ſuffice to kill theſe Worms that thus in eſt my Coffin. Perhaps thou waſt ſome beauteous Lady's Face, for whoſe dear Sake ſome have done ſtrange Exploits, even ſuch as (when the Caſe was once my own) I, for my deareſt *Phælice* have performed. Perhaps there was a Skin about thi Scull, fairer than that which *Hellen*'s wa i cloſed in; and on this Scalp, b re and worm-eaten n w where nothing elſe is to be ſeen but B n , ſuch ellow Locks of Hair were to be beheld, wh c for their

were eſteemed like Gold; and in thoſe hollow Caves, two Cryſtal Eyes, and here ſuch Lips as Love for kiſſing craves. But what is of all this Beauty now become ſo precious once in the Eſteem of Men? By powerful Death unto the Duſt it is turned, grown loathſome, filthy, and trodden under Foot; and now there is only this poor Picture left to tell the Wiſe, all Beauty is but vain. Such ſad Memorials he would oft prefer, of mortal Frailty, and the Force of Death, to teach the Fleſh how apt it is to miſtake, and paſs Repentance off till it is too late. Thus would he all Things treat with ſuch Contempt, that might ſeduce the Soul from Heavenly Love.

Now, for a while leave *Guy* to his own Thoughts, and turn your Eyes to another Subject: To ſee new Sorrows, now look back to *England*; and to long abſent Years commit the other. Leave doleful *Guy* to Cares and aged Grief, and look how *Phœlice* his poor Lady fares: Like to a Widow all in black Attire, ſhe doth expreſs her inward Grief of Heart. She of her Chamber doth a Priſon make, and unto Sorrow wholly is inclined. She that was late the Pride of the *Engliſh* Court, with Majeſty will now conſort no longer, but lives like one that deſpiſes Life and Being, and every Day did die unto the World; ſeeing her Folly with the Eyes of Judgment, and noting well how falſe Pleaſures fly, leaving more Pain than they can cauſe Delight: Her Thoughts run after her departed Lord, and are in motion ſwifter far than he. Where is the Place, ſaid ſhe, can give him Reſt, that for his Pilgrimage hath thus forſaken me! Lament, my Soul, under the heavy Burden, to think poor *Guy* remembers thee in Tears. Methinks he by ſome River-ſide is ſitting, and ſwells the Water with his weeping Eyes: Methinks he often

often cries out, *Phælice*, *Phælice*, and Eccho through the Skies does carry it; then riſing up with Might and Main, he runs, ſaying, Sweet Eccho bring my Love again. Then comes he to a Cypreſs Tree, and ſays, *Sylvanus:* This was once the lovely Boy, whom thou didſt praiſe for Feature to the Clouds, but here, alas! thy ſenſeleſs Joy is transformed; it is nothing now but Tree and Boughs, and Leaves, and made to wither as all Beauties do. And then, methinks, full ſadly down he ſits, and on his bended Knees his Elbow ſtays, with Head on Hand, ſaying, Farewell, vain Honour, and all the Pleaſure of my youthful Days; my true Repentance has diſplaced you all; a happy End brings ſinful Souls to Heaven Ah worthy Man! that thus can'ſt mortify thy Rebel Fleſh to conquer *Adam*'s Nature, and that thou bleſt Eternity mighteſt gain, doſt live on Earth but as a Stranger in it; dead tho' alive; and new born tho' grown old; true valiant *Guy*, that has overcome the Devil: As thy Advice was when thou didſt go hence, that I a Veſtal Virgin's Life ſhould live; altho' when I was a Maiden by Love's Art thou didſt perſuade me to become a Wife, I vow by Heaven, and him that reigns above to keep my Thoughts as truly chaſte as thine: My Beauty all I can I will obſcure by doleful Lamentations, Sighs and Tears; and will by Abſtinence attain the Way to overcome the Force of Sin's Temptations. This Sentence very often I have read, *A Woman's Chaſtity is Virtue's Queen: Ceres* and *Bacchus* I will ſhun with Care, for they are Virtue's Foes and Vice's Friends, and oft to a licentious Life do lead; but with Sobriety I will ſtill aſſociate, and with ſpare Diet take each Day's Repaſt; that Soul thrives beſt that keeps the Body bare. The courtly

Ornaments I wore of late in Honour of King *Athelſtan*'s fair Queen, even all thoſe Jewels and theſe Robes of State, wherein to others I have appear'd ſo glorious, ſhall with their Pride and Value now ſupply thoſe naked Poor that are about the Streets; the Gold and Silver I am now poſſeſſed of, ſhall all employed be about good Works. The Purchaſe of eternal Happineſs, is of all Wealth moſt precious unto me: All that in Want repair to *Warwick* Caſtle, and crave Relief, ſhall there be ſure to find it. For the Halt, Lame, and Blind, I will prepare an Hoſpital, which ſhall be well endowed; and for the Widow and the Fatherleſs, a ſpecial Care I will be ſure to take, that their Neceſſities ſupplied may be; and that young Beginners may have wherewithal their Calling to ſet up I will take Care: And for repairing of decayed Highways that Travellers may better paſs the Roads, is alſo what I will take Care about. Theſe Things I reckon to be the Heavenly Thrift, and laying Treaſure up where it cannot ruſt; diſpenſing of the Riches we receive, as each good Steward is enjoin'd to do; that after this ſhort Life is done, we may enjoy a Life that is eternal. Farewel, vain World, of thee I take my Leave, and of thoſe Things which thou doſt moſt eſteem; thy Shews are Snares, deceitful are thy Hopes, and only through falſe Mirrours ſeemeſt fair. O that in ſuch Diſguiſe I could but travel, (as once the Kind *Julpitia* did contrive, in Baniſhment to ſee her *Lentulus*) attending on my *Gu*, where-ever he be: or *Hypſicrat*, liking Man's Apparel, following her exil'd King through Love's Deſire: It would ſomething eaſe my wounded Heart of Sorrow, ſo to divide the Burden which I bear; for where Affection takes Affliction's Part in hard Extreams

ſome

ſome abide, when Friends do with Friends divide their Croſſes. But all in vain it is that I thus wiſh; it nought avails, my Woe is ſtill the ſame: Though ſtraying Thoughts do wander here and there, my poor weak Body muſt at Home remain. Unto the Holy Land he is gone to travel, Heaven ſend me thither at my dying Day. I will about my Vows, and ſee them paid. The Good that Charity requires, I will do; when Grace perſuades unto Works of Virtue, it is Bleſſedneſs to further ſuch Deſires; and while on Earth I do remain a Sinner, I will ſtrive to pleaſe my God by living well.

In this Reſolve, each Day ſhe ſpent her Life, performing all theſe Things ſhe had propoſed, and ſhewed ſo great Severity therein, that ſhe became the Wonder of her Sex, who were amazed, and even quite confounded, to ſee a Lady ſo high born, ſo rich, and which is more, ſo rare a Beauty too, pouring Contempt upon all worldly Pleaſures: For ſhe was deaf to all her Friends Perſuaſions, nor unto any would ſhe lend an Ear, that mention'd Company or Recreation, or what ſhe had determin'd, ſought to alter: But ſuch as of Compaſſion would diſcourſe her ſhe would for bleſſed Jeſu's Sake relieve.

Mean while, her wandring Lord from Land to Land, with weary Steps repairs, to ſeek out Places which pious Pigrims uſed to frequent; whilſt Age and Grief, and mournful Languiſhing, with Silver Hairs had crown'd his hoary Head: ſo that good *Guy* was changed exceedingly: For Sorrow and ſore Travel gives a Man a Countenance more aged far than they, who with leſs Cares much longer Time had lived: His old Acquaintance in thoſe Foreign Parts, that had his worthy Actions ſeen before, and Witneſs been of all his

bold Adventures, had loſt Sir *Guy*, as one that had never liv'd: Thoſe that in Armour knew his martial Face, did never expect him in a Fryar's Weed. Amongſt the reſt, to whom well known he had been, he met Earl *Terrey*, now a wandring Exile, each unto other being grown Strangers; through Sorrow, which the Senſes oft deceive, they had forgot that ever they ſaw each other, though *Guy* and *Terrey* had ſworn Brothers been. But having to each other told their Countries, and by what Means they Travellers became; and how One was a voluntary Exile, but the Other was conſtrained to be ſuch: As they were parting with a kind Adieu, Oh! *Engliſhman*, ſaid *Terrey* with a Sigh, I once had a Friend thy Countryman, who righted me in my extr ameſt Wrongs, and was a Champion in the Cauſe of Virtue, and was to every Tyrant a Sworn Foe, for on Oppreſſion's Neck he would ſet his Foot: Tell, me dear Friend, haſt thou not heard of *Guy* that had a Hand to help, a Sword to fight in the Behalf of all that were oppreſſed? I have, ſaid *Guy* and knew him many Years, he is Earl of *Warwick* now and Peer of *England*: What is thy Name? My Name, quoth he is *Terrey*, greater by Birth th n now my Fortune makes me *Terrey*, quoth *Guy*, I vow I will do thee Right in what I can; my poor Good-will eſteem, for I too am a Fri nd to the Oppr ſſed; and ſince thou loveſt my Friend, thy Friend I will be. Direct me to the Man that is thy Foe, I will take thy Part as far as Str ngth will go; if *Guy* himſelf were here to join with us, he could but ſay, I will venture Life for Fri nds; and be aſſured, though ſimple I appear, I oft have had as good Succeſs as he. *Terrey* with hearty Thanks requites his Love, then brings him to his Foe, whom he de-

fies,

fies and with his adverſe Champion bravely fights, who by a mortal Wound dies at his Feet. Yet it was, it ſeems a Man of matchleſs Worth, who for that Combat they had ſingled out. When this was done, the Earl demands his Name; Pardon, quoth *Guy*, that were againſt my Vow; to no Man living I will my Name reveal, for I have now both Name and Nature changed. Nature's Corruption now my Strife is to leave, and to receive a new Regeneration.

Farewell, my Friend, if we on Earth don't meet,
In Heaven hereafter we'll each other greet.

So he towards *Judea*'s Ground departs to ſee *Samaria* and *Galilee*, Places which Chriſtian Pilgrims much frequent, becauſe their Saviour's Choice was to be there. He to redeem our Loſs did ſuffer, even from the Manger to the bloody Croſs. Much Time *Guy* ſpent, and many Years beſtowed, in travelling about from Place to Place, ſurveying each Place in the Holy Land, that all his Friends in *England* now ſuppoſed that he among the Living was now no more, for from all Pilgrims that had back returned, of Noble *Guy* no Tidings could be heard: This put the World to Silence, Men were mute, becauſe of *Guy* they knew not what to ſay: That dreadful Champion, that when in bright Armour ſtruck ſuch a Terror whereſoever he came, was neither known or feared in ſimple Grey; but did endeavour all that ever he could never to be known to any Mortal Wight: For unto none would be diſcloſe his Name, nor tell to what Country he belonged: His noble Thoughts in his own Breaſt concealed, his chief Deſign was to remain obſcure.

Until by native Love, his Mind was led,
To lay his Bones where he at firſt was bred.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

How Guy *returned to* England, *which he found invaded by the* Danes; *and how he undertook to fight with* Colbron, *a* Daniſh *Giant, whom he killed; upon which the* Daniſh *Army was overthrown, and forced to fly the Land. And how* Guy *afterwards took himſelf to a ſolitary Cave where he lived unknown.*

AS the moſt bright and glorious ſhining Day will have a Night of Darkneſs to ſucceed, in which the Earth will be wrapt up in Clouds, and all the World be cloathed in Sable Weeds, preſenting us with drowſy heavy Sleep, to keep the Thoughts of Death in Memory; ſo Youth the Day of Nature's Strength and Beauty, which had a Splendour like the Eye of Heaven, muſt yield to Fate, by the great Law of Nature, when Length of Years, ſhall bring Life's Evening on. This Cogitation dwelt in *Guy*'s ſage Breaſt, and made him, when he was in *Paleſtine*, think of returning to his Native Country. He found himſelf to be well ſtruck in Years, and that his Glaſs had but few Sands to run, before the Cloſe of his declining Days; and therefore he to *England* comes at laſt, there to be buried where he had been born; for this was all the Cauſe that drew him back, to end his Days there where they firſt began: That his poor Body after all his Toils, which, thro' the World no reſting Place had found, in *Engliſh* Ground at laſt might ſafely reſt.

Being arrived upon his native Shore, his Country in extream Diſtreſs he found; for in each Place great Store of armed Troops againſt the Foe was got in Readineſs. The King of *Denmark* to deſtroy the Realm, a mighty Army had ſecurely landed,

landed, which with incredible Deſtruction marched, laying the Country waſte, and burning Towns, and filling all the Nation full of Terror; which forced King *Athelſtan* for his Security, with his ſmall Forces to retire to *Wincheſter*; which when the *Danes* once knew, they thither away, and with their warlike Troops ſet down before it. But that was far too ſtrong for them to take; their Walls of ſtone were then invincible, nor had they Cannon Keys to let them in. The Monk's Invention was not then found out of murdering Men by Wholeſale with their Gun-powder: A Soldier then that would attain to Honour, by manly Strokes could only purchaſe it.

Beholding now how oft they were repulſed by thoſe ſtrong Sallies that the *Engliſh* made, and that they were not like to take the City, they beat a Parley, and therein propoſed that they were willing to decide their Quarrel by ſingle Combat, to ſave ſhedding Blood, between a *Dane* and an *Engliſhman*; to which, when both Sides had agreed, the *Danes* brought forth a mighty Giant of a prodigious Stature, demanding where the Foxes all were hid; ſaying, If there be one dare meet me here, that for his Country will his Valour ſhew, let him come forth, and try with me his Manhood; or elſe the *Engliſh* are the worſt of Cowards. For craving Cocks on their own Dunghils will both crow and ſtrike before they run and cry Is *Engliſh* Courage now become ſo low, that none will fight? Are you ſo fearful grown? Then I pronounce you all faint-hearted Fools, afraid to look upon a Martial Man. O what prodigious Lies, in foreign Lands, of theſe Men's Valour have I heard repeated! What great Atchievements have they oft performed, If Lies be true? But they are ſadly ſlandered; for in their Feet their Valour chiefly lies, for they with them

them can swiftly run away. They have an ancient Proverb to instruct them, *That it is best sleeping in a whole Skin.* Thus did he vaunt in Terms of high Disdain; and threw down his Gauntlet, saying, *There is my Glove.*

All this and more, *Guy* unperceiv'd had heard, and for his Country's sake could bear no longer the insulting Boasts of this proud *Danish* Monster: And therefore straitway goes unto the King, and thus in Pilgrim's Weeds addresses him: Dread Lord, tho' in this simple Habit hid, this proud insulting Foe I beg to combat; for tho' I seem unfit for what I ask, I never attempted aught but what I did: And therefore doubt not but to free your Kingdom from the Invasion of injurious *Danes*, by overcoming this their boasted Champion.

To whom the Royal *Athelstan* replied, Palmer, thou seem'st to be a Man of Courage; but I fear for *Colbron* thou art much too weak: Ah! I remember once I had a Champion, upon whose Head my Crown I would have ventur'd; but valiant *Guy*, alas! is now no more. Had he been here, I had not been thus distressed.

To which *Guy* thus replied, Great *Athelstan*, trust me for once, for tho' I am unknown, 'tis a just Cause in which I do engage; and Heaven does still both favour and succeed the just Side. I cannot see one brave an *English* King, but aged as I am, my Blood is fir'd; and nothing but his Head shall be to me Satisfaction for the Affront.

At which bold Speech of *Guy*'s the King was amaz'd, and wondering at the Greatness of his Spirit, said, Palmer, I accept thee for my Champion, and thou alone shalt be the Man on whom I am resolved to venture *England*'s Crown. And thereupon order'd immediately that his own Armour should be brought; which *Guy*, having received,

ceived, ſoon put on; then girting his maſſy Sword about him, came to the King, and of him took his leave; the King aſſuring him he did not doubt but Heaven, in whoſe great Cauſe he was engaged now, would be his ſtrong Defence, and give him Victory. *Amen*, quoth *Guy*; and with great Courage goes from *Wincheſter*'s North Gate, unto *Hide-Mead*, where he ſoon found that Monſter of a Man treading two Yards of Ground at every Step.

Art thou, the Giant cried, that mighty Man, on whom the King will venture *England*'s Crown? What, can he find for me no fitter Match than this poor Raſcal in a Thread-bare Coat? Where are all his worthy Knights and Champions now? A Wretch ſo baſe as thou art, I diſdain.

Giant, ſaid *Guy*, I matter not thy Words, for had'ſt thou Manhood, thus thou would'ſt not rail, nor ſpend with Blaſts of empty Wind thy Breath. A Soldier's Weapon beſt his Tale can tell

tell. Thy Deſtiny thou on my Sword ſhall find, which whilſt thou haſt Drops to bleed, will let thee Blood: And thus I to chaſtize thee do begin. And thereupon ſuch Blows he on him laid, that *Colbron* had never felt the like before; who with his Club waited to meet his Sword, intending to have broke it with one Blow. But *Guy* was well aware of his Deſign, and by his own Agility prevented him; and therefore boldly he about him laid, until the Lubber's Breath was almoſt gone. For with a weighty Club did *Colbron* fight, which miſſing of his Blow, fell on the Ground, and the very Earth itſelf gave way, ſo ponderous were the Strokes that he deſigned. So long they held this wrathful furious Fight, that the Spectators knew not what to judge; *Guy* on *Colbron* ſtill freſh Wounds beſtowed, as a Preſage of his enſuing Victory; and by his Activity eſcap'd the Danger with which each Blow of *Colbron*'s threatned him. At laſt, quoth *Colbron*, *Engliſhman*, forbear, and ſue for Mercy e'er I ſtrike thee down. Villain, quoth *Guy*, thy Coward's fear I ſcorn, I will have thy Life, or it my own ſhall coſt. We will never part till one be Conqueror: The King hath ventur'd *England* on my Head, and therefore I will not yield an Inch to thee, for all the Worth that *Denmark* e'er could boaſt: And thereupon *Guy* gave him ſuch a Stroke, it made wide Ruptures in the Giant's Fleſh, and very much provoked his furious Choler, laying about him with the utmoſt Rage; mean time *Guy* managed both his Parts ſo well, which was to lay on a Load upon his Foe, and ſave himſelf from his deſtructive Blows, that he at length gave *Colbron* ſuch a Wound, that on the Earth he tumbled in his Gore; whilſt with his Blood his Soul departed

parted hence, and in the Sooty Region took fresh Quarters.

King *Athelstan* then for his Champion sent, to do him Honour for this great Exploit; and said to him, I pray, that thou at least wilt so far honour me, wherever thou resolveit to abide, as to acquaint me with thy Name in private, which is the only Boon I ask of thee. Tell me but who thou art, I will ask no more, and on my Royal Word, I will conceal it.

Why, then, said he, if it may please your Majesty, I am your Subject, *Guy* of *Warwick* named, that have for many Years not seen your Land, but been where Youth by Age and Travel is tamed. Yet there, Dread Prince, Experience taught me Wit, and of the Follies of the World convinced me. And now I am returned to make my Grave within that Kingdom which first gave me Life. Yet shall no Creature else have the least Notice of my Arrival; no, not my dear Wife, till Sickness comes, such as does threaten Death; then I will acquaint her of my last Farewel.

The King thus having heard what *Guy* had said, went to him, and with Joy in his Arms embraced him; and with great Admiration answers thus: Most worthy Earl, Preserver of thy Country, it grieves my Soul thou wilt not live with me. O would thy Resolutions were to make, that my Persuasions might prevent thy Vow! But it is too late, they are grown ripe, I see, and thou art fixed in thy Determination. Well, worthy Man, in this I joy, however, that to thy native Soil thou bringest thy Bones; where standing Monuments of thy great Deeds shall last unto the World's remotest Ages. In *Warwick* Castle shall thy Sword be lodged, to witness to the World what thou hast been. And lest the future Age should grow neglectful in preserving of thy Memory, the Castle-keeper shall receive a Salary, which I myself will

ſtraitway ſettle on him, to keep thy Sword in Memory of thee. Thy Armour likewiſe, and thy martial Spear, which did thee Service in thy high Deſigns, ſhall be carefully preſerved there; that all ſuch Men as have diſtruſtful Thoughts, may think (if from a Truth it did not ſpring) a King would ſcorn to cheat his People ſo. And in thy Chapel (diſtant thence a Mile) a Bone ſhall hang of that devouring Beaſt, which did ſo long near *Coventry* remain, whoſe Rib by Meaſure was at leaſt ſix Foot, deſtroying many that did that Way paſs, until thy valiant Arm the Savage ſlew. By Tradition it may down be handed, and unto thoſe that hither come reported, This was *Guy*'s Armour; This his maſſy Blade. Theſe Bones of murdering Beaſts which he overcame; and this the Tomb wherein his Corpſe was ſafe depoſited: This is the true Picture of the Shape at Length; and this the Spear that of his Strength did witneſs.

This ſaid, in humble Duty, wondrous meek, *Guy* with a lowly Reverence left the King, to ſeek ſome ſolitary Cave or Den, which he into his Manſion-houſe converted; and buried whilſt alive, he poorly lives; making his Meat of wholeſome Herbs and Roots. Sometimes he would repair to *Warwick* Cattle, and crave an Alms at his dear Lady's Hand, who to Pilgrims did more Bounty ſhow, than any Lady in the Land beſide. And ſhe would aſk all Palmers that came there, if they were ever in the Holy Land: Or, if they in their Travels had ſeen an *Engliſhman*, Lord of that noble Caſtle, who many Years from hence had been away? He was a Knight that never was conquered yet by any human Power: I only fear one cruel Tyrant, who is called Death; if he has met him, then my deareſt Lord, I never ſhall behold thy Face again, until that Monſter do as much for me, and ſo unite our Hearts again together. Which gracious

ou Heaven grant; if *Guy* be dead, O let me on the Earth no longer ſtay. Thus often did he hear his Wife enquiring with deep Complaint, from extream Paſſion flowing, yet by no Means would grant her kind Requeſt, nor yet beſtow one hopeful Word of Comfort; but yet would view her, as if his Heart would break; then to prevent his ſpeaking, turn away; and ſo even weeping to his Cell depart, there placing before his Eyes a dead Man's Head; ſaying, With thee I will ſhortly come to dwell, and therefore do deſpiſe this ſinful Fleſh: My Soul is weary of a Gueſt ſo bad, and therefore doth at Reſt deſire to be. My Strength is from my feeble Limbs departed, and Sickneſs now begins to gripe my Heart: My Happineſs is now apace approaching, and I am in hope my Foe and I ſhall part. Long Time alas! I have fed this Adverſary, by whom my Soul hath been miſled ſo oft. To my dear *Phælice* I will ſend my Ring, which I to keep did promiſe for her Sake. I now no longer will the Time defer, for fear leſt Death ſurprize me unawares. Methinks I feel his Meſſenger approach, and poor weak Nature muſt be forced to yield.

Then he called a Herdſman as he paſſed by, and ſaid, Good Friend, one Kindneſs I deſire of thee and hope thou wilt not deny it me, for it is a Matter that concerns me highly: It is, that thou wilt repair to *Warwick* Caſtle and for the Counteſs aſk with truſty Care; and then into her Hand this Ring deliver, and ſay th ancient Pilgrim ſent it her that lately at her Gate, with cripl ſtand, to beg an Alms in bleſſed Jeſus's Name. And if ſhe ask thee where I may be found, direct her hither; and ſhe will well reward thee.

Sir, ſaid the Herdſman, I ſhall be aſſ a d, who never yet ſpake to a Lady in my Life: Be-

ſides, I may perhaps come into Trouble, to carry Rings to the Earl of *Warwick*'s Counteſs. And then ſay I ſhould loſe it by the Way, what would the Counteſs or yourſelf ſay to me?

Prithee, ſaid *Guy*, frame no ſuch idle Doubts, no Prejudice can come to thee at all; the Thing is honeſt about which thou goeſt, and none can call thee in to Queſtion for it. A courteous Ear the Lady will thee give, and on my Word, you will receive no Harm.

With that he goes and delivers the Token to the Counteſs; which ſhe receiving, was preſently with Admiration ſtruck. O Friend, ſaid, ſhe where is my *Husband*'s Being!

Husband! ſaid he, I nothing know of that. 'Twas from an ancient Beggar I receiv'd the Ring, whoſe Houſe I cannot well deſcribe; for it is neither made of Wood nor Stone, but under Ground he went into a Hole. And in my Conſcience, there alone he dwells, and never pays his Landlord Quarter's Rent.

Ah! it is my *Guy*, ſaid ſhe, ſhew me his Cell, and for thy Pains I will very well reward thee And then ordering her Steward to give the Meſſenger a hundred Marks for bringing her thoſe welcome Tidings, ſhe ſtrait went with him to the lonely Cave, in which her Lord led ſuch a ſolitary Life; but he eſpying her, as weak and feeble as he was, went forth to meet her, and there her Lord and ſhe embrac'd each other, and wept a while e'er they could ſpeak a Word: And after a good Space that they had been ſilent, *Guy* firſt the Doors of Silence thus did break.

Fbalice, ſaid he, now take thy Leave of *Guy* who ſent to thee, e'er his Sight decays: Within thy Arms I do intreat to die, and breathe my Spirit hence from thy ſweet Soul. 'Tis not long ſince to me thou gaveſt Alms at *Warwick*'s Caſtle-gate;

'tis

'tis Bleſſedneſs poor Mens Eſtate to pity. Look not ſo ſtrange, my Dear, lament not ſo. Ah! weep not, Love, I do not want thy Tears; for ſince my coming here, I have Plenty of Tears of true Remorſe, Conſcience knows. Thou weepeſt

not now, becauſe I wept no more; but to behold me Friendleſs, Poor, and Wretched. My Love, I have ſought the Place that I deſire, tho' few endeavour for eternal Reſt. The Soul which unto Heaven doth aſpire, and only ſeeks after Cœleſtial Things muſt leave the World, and all its fading Joys, and all the Vanities thereof deteſt: For could we ſee it with a ſpiritual Eye, we ſhou'd diſcern it full of nought but Devil's, that always lie in wait to ruin Souls, and to that End are always laying Baits to trap and enſnare them. O *Phœbice*! I have ſpent (and then he wept) Youth, Nature's Day, upon the Love of Thee; and for my Sin have kept old rotten Age, the Night of Nature: Chriſt my Sin forgive. Sorrow for this lies heavy on my Soul. O bleſſed Saviour! pardon my Miſdeeds, in that I have deſtroy'd ſo many

Men, even for one Woman, to enjoy her I ove. And therefore in this ſolitary Cave, with God above I ſought my Peace to make; againſt whom I have been more miſled by Sin, than all the Hairs upon my Head can number. The other Day, finding my Body ill, and all the Parts thereof with Pain oppreſſed, I did compoſe this Will and Teſtament to be the laſt I ever ordain. Lo here it is, and if I can, I will read it, before I ceaſe to be a living Man.

His Laſt Will *and* Teſtament.

EVEN in the Name of Him, whoſe mighty Power did Heaven, and Earth, and all Things elſe create, as one that is this inſtant Hour to die, I do with an unfeigned Heart and Mind leave both the World, and every Thing therein. My Soul I give to him that gave it me; receive it Jeſus, as in Thee I truſt I owe a Debt of Life that is due to Death, and when I have paid him he can ask no more. It is but a little Breath, a very Vapour, and I could wiſh he had it long ago. But here is my Comfort, whenſoever he comes, it is ready for him tho' he calls To day. I owe the World that Stock of Wealth it lent me when I at firſt began to traffick with it. Leſs would have given Nature more Content: The World leave me naked, as I came into it, I ask but one poor Sheet to wrap me in. I do bequeath my numberleſs Tranſgreſſions, my Sins and Evils they that are ſo many, that they exceed the Bounds of all Arithmetick, thoſe paſt, thoſe preſent, all that are to come, to him that made them Loads to burden me; Satan, receive them from thee they came. I give good Thoughts, and every virtuous Action, that ever Grace hath guided me unto, to Him from whom proceedeth all that is Good. For only

only Evil I by Nature do, being conceived, bred and born in Sin, and all my Life has been moſt vile and vain. I give to Sorrow all my Sighs and Tears, fetched from the Bottom of a bleeding Heart. I give to Repentance Tears and watry Eyes of a true Convert, and unfeigned Sighs. Let Earth, or Sea, a Grave yield to my Body: So Jeſus to my Soul grant Room in Heaven.

Phælice, I faint. Farewel my loyal Spouſe; thy Husband dies, aſſiſt me with thy Prayers; I truſt to meet thee in a better Life, where Tears from weeping Eyes ſhall be wip'd before thee, bleſſed Spirit; come in Jeſus Name receive, and then convey my Soul to Heaven. With theſe laſt Words Death clos'd his Eyes, and he to his Creator his bleſt Soul reſign'd, while mournful *Phælice*, well nigh dead with Grief, to Sorrow all her Senſes did abandon, and with her Tears drowns her departed Lord; beating her Breaſt, till Breaſt and Heart were ſore, wringing her Hands till ſhe could no more ſtrive. Then ſighing ſaid, ah cruel, cruel Death! the diſmal, doleful Cauſe of all my Sorrows, thou haſt deprived me of my deareſt Lord. Since loathſome Air my vital Spirits draw, that thou to recompence me for my Loſs, would ſtrike that Stroke which all my Cares may kill: Let me not ſee To morrow Light, but make me cold, as this dead Carcaſs, that before me lies; this true Deſcription of a mortal Man;

Whoſe Deeds of Wonder, paſt and gone before,
Hath left him now at Death's dark Priſon door.

Kiſſing his Face with a Farewel of Tears, ſhe leaves the Body for the Grave to claim; and from that Place ſhe bears as ſad a Soul, as any of her Sex on that Occaſion, was ever known to do. Her real Grief ſoon ſending her to her departed Lord: Living but fifteen Days after his Death, and then through extream Sorrow for

THEIR

EPITAPH.

UNDER this Marble Pile *there lies a Knight,*
Whose great Atchievements oft perform'd in Fight
Has, though Earth's Globe immortaliz'd his Name,
And given him a never dying Fame;
For his great Actions have perfum'd the World,
Like Incense upon sacred Altars hurl'd.
To save his Country, he did his Life expose,
'Gainst Savage Beasts, *and far more* Savage Foes;
And in the Height of all his Valour's Pride,
He always fought upon the justest Side.
Nor in his Youth *more fam'd for* War *was he,*
Than in Old Age *he was for* Piety:
In Pilgrimage *to* Palestine *he went,*
Upon himself imposing Banishment:
All earthly Pleasure *he for* Heaven *forsook,*
And to a Pilgrim's *Life himself betook.*
Now here he rests in Peace, and by his Side,
The fairest Dame *that ever made a* Bride:
Who at so great a Rate her Lord did love,
As none could equal but the Bless'd *above:*
Their Names *the* World's great Funeral *shall survive.*
So bright their Virtues *were, when here alive,*
All, sure must know, by that which I have said,
That Noble Guy *and* Phælice *here are laid.*

An Old SONG of the Valiant Deeds of Chivalry, atchieved by the Noble Knight, Sir *GUY* of *Warwick*, &c.

Tune, *was ever Man, &c*

WAS ever Man for Lady's Sake,
So toſt in Love as I Sir Guy?
For Phænice *Fair, that Lady bright,*
As ever Man beheld with Eye;
She gave me Leave myſelf to try,
The valiant Knight with Shield and Spear,
E'er that her Love ſhe would grant me,
Which made me ventu'e far and near.

The proud Sir Guy, *a Baron bold,*
In Deeds of Arms, the doughty Knight,
That every Day in England *was*
With Sword and Spear, in Field to fight:
An Engliſhman *I was by Birth,*
In Faith of Chriſt *a Chriſtian true,*
The wicked Laws of Infidels
I ſought by Power to ſubdue.

Two Hundred Twenty Years and odd,
After our Saviour Chriſt *his Birth,*
When King Athelſtan *wore the Crown,*
I lived here upon the Earth:
Sometime I was of Warwick *Earl,*
And as I ſaid of very Truth,
A Lady's Love did me conſtrain
To ſeek ſtrange Ventures in my Youth,

To try my Fame by Feats of Arms,
In ſtrange and ſundry Heathen Lands,
Where I atchieved for her Sake
Right dang'rous Conqueſt with my Hands;
For firſt ſail'd I to Normandy,
And there I ſtoutly won in Fight,

The Emperor's Daughter of Almain,
From many a valiant worthy Knight.

Then passed I the Seas of Greece,
To help the Emperor to his Right:
Against the mighty Soldan's Host
Of puissant Persons for to fight;
Where I did slay of Saracens
And Heathen Pagans many a Man,
And slew the Soldan's Cousin dear,
Who had to Name, doughty Colbron.

Ethelred, that famous Knight,
To Death likewise I did pursue;
And Almain, King of Tyre, also,
Most terrible in Fight to view.
I went unto the Soldan's Host,
Being thither on Ambassage sent,
And brought away his Head with me,
I having slain him in his Tent.

There was a Dragon in the Land,
Which I also myself did slay,
As he a Lion did pursue,
Most fiercely met me by the Way.
From hence I pass'd the Seas of Greece,
And came to Pavy Land aright,
Where I the Duke of Pavy kill'd,
His heinous Treason to requite.

And after came into this Land,
Towards fair Phælice, Lad bright,
For Love of whom I travell'd far,
To try my Manhood and my Might.
But when I had espoused her,
I staid with her but Forty Days,
E're that I left this Lady fair,
And then I went beyond the Seas.

All

All clad in Grey, in Pilgrim Sort,
My Voyage from her I did take
Unto the bleſſed Holy Land,
For Jeſus Chriſt my Saviour's Sake:
Where I Earl Jonas did redeem,
And all his Sons, which were Fifteen,
Who with the cruel Saracens
In Priſon for long Time had been.

I ſlew the Giant Amarant,
In Battle fiercely Hand to Hand,
And doughty Barknard killed I,
The mighty Duke of that ſame Land.
Then I to England came again,
And here with Colbron fell I fought,
An ugly Giant, which the Danes
Had for their Champion hither brought.

I overcame him in the Field,
And ſlew him dead right valiantly;
Where I the Land did then redeem
From Daniſh Tribute utterly;
And afterwards I offer'd up
The Uſe of Weapon ſolemnly
At Wincheſter; whereas I fought
In Sight of many far and nigh.

In Windſor Foreſt I did ſlay
A Boar of paſſing Might and Strength,
The like in England never was,
For Hugeneſs both in Breadth and Length:
Some of his Bones in Warwick yet
Within the Caſtle there do lie;
One of his Shield bones to this Day
Hangs in the City of Coventry.

On Dunſmore-Heath I alſo ſlew
A monſtrous wild and cruel Beaſt,
Call'd the Dun Cow of Dunſmore-Heath
Which many People had oppreſt

Some of her Bones in Warwick *yet,*
Still for a Monument do lie;
Which unto every Lucker's View,
As wond'rous strange they may espy.

And a fell Dragon in that Land,
I also did in Fight destroy,
Which did both Man and Beast oppress,
And all the Country sore annoy:
And then to Warwick *came again,*
Like Pilgrim poor, and was not known,
And there I liv'd an Hermit's Life,
A Mile and more out of the Town.

Where with my Hand I hew'd a House
Out of a craggy Rock of Stone;
And lived like a Palmer poor,
Within that Cave myself alone;
And daily came to beg my Food
Of Pnælice, *at my Castle Gate,*
Not known unto my loving Wife,
Who daily mourned for her Mate.

Till at the last I fell sore sick,
Yea, sick so sore that I must die,
I sent to her a Ring of Gold,
By which she knew me presently;
Then she repaired to the Cave,
Before that I gave up the Ghost,
Herself clos'd up my dying Eyes,
My Pnælice *fair, whom I lov'd most.*

Thus dreadful Death did me arrest,
To bring my Corps unto the Grave,
And like a Palmer died I,
Whereby I hope my Soul to save:
My Body in Warwick *yet doth lie,*
Though now it is consum'd to Mould,
My Statue was engrav'd in Stone,
The present Day you may behold.

FINIS.

BODLEIAN